

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

No.33

# DAREDEVIL

*The Greatest in Comics*

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

*Attention-*

A FULL SIZE

**52** PAGE-

MAGAZINE!  
NO SKIPPING!

HEY! I  
CAN'T HOLD  
ON MUCH  
LONGER!

10¢

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS

BIRO



[illegible]



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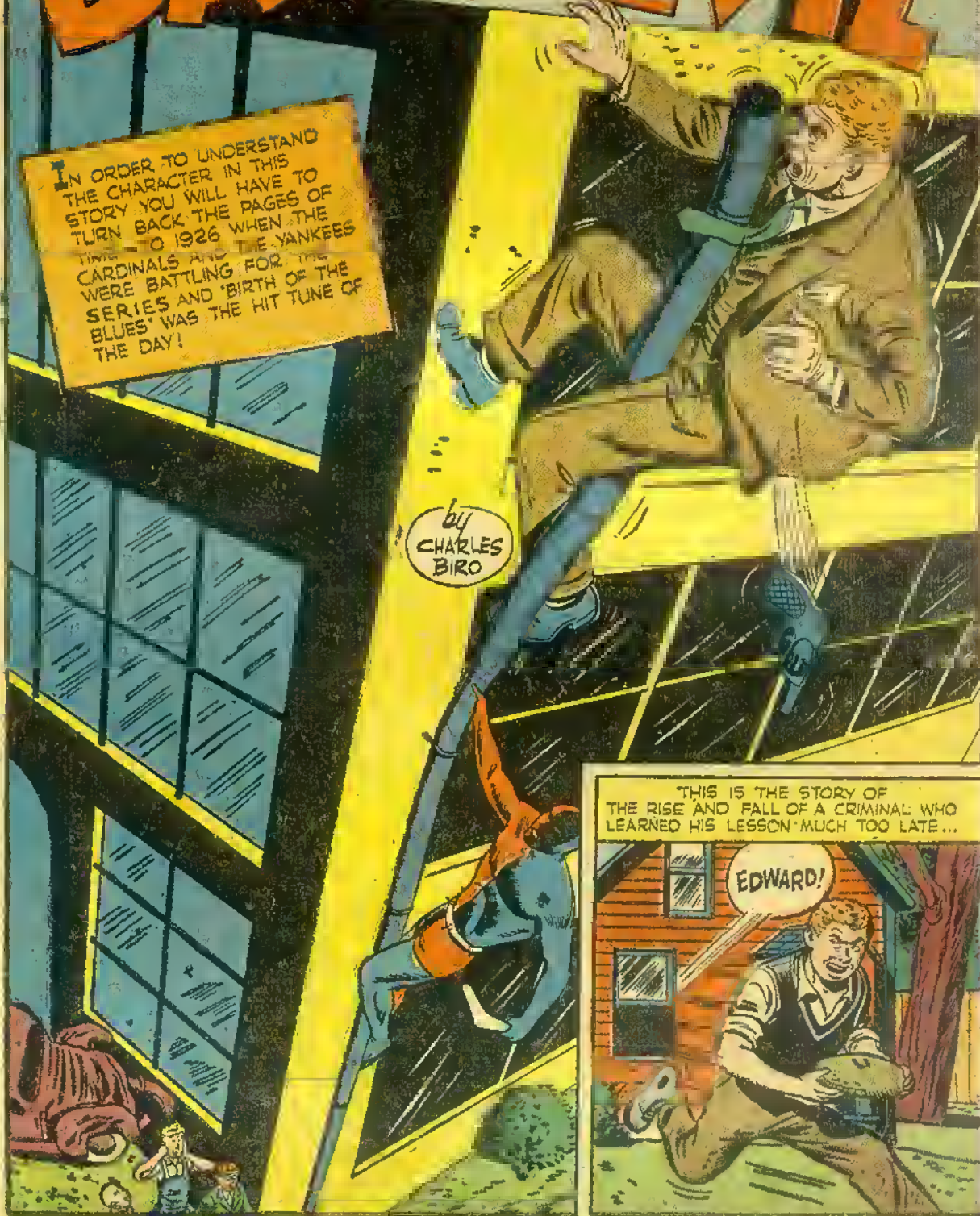
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# DAREDEVIL

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND THE CHARACTER IN THIS STORY YOU WILL HAVE TO TURN BACK THE PAGES OF TIME TO 1926 WHEN THE CARDINALS AND THE YANKEES WERE BATTLING FOR THE SERIES AND 'BIRTH OF THE BLUES' WAS THE HIT TUNE OF THE DAY!

by  
CHARLES  
BIRO

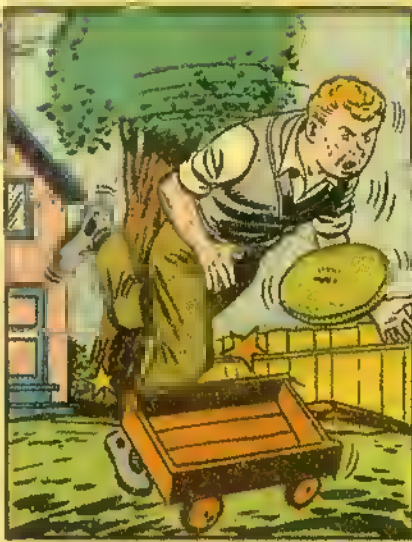


THIS IS THE STORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF A CRIMINAL WHO LEARNED HIS LESSON MUCH TOO LATE...

EDWARD!







LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY PIE, EDWARD! YOU KNOW I WORKED ALL MORNING TO MAKE THAT FOR YOUR FATHER'S DINNER!

AW, CUT THE MUSH, YOU OLD HEN! YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT A HOUSEKEEPER! DON'T TRY TO BOSS ME!

SOB! SOB! DAD! DAD!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, SON?

IT'S MARTHA! SHE GOT MAD BECAUSE I WOULD NOT STAY IN THE HOUSE! SH..SHE THREW A PIE AT ME!

A PIE!...WHY WHAT AILS THAT WOMAN? JUST COME ALONG-WE'LL STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT!

YES, YOU DID, TOO! YOU HIT ME RIGHT IN THE FACE WITH THE PIE!

WH..WHY YOU LITTLE LIAR...

DON'T YOU CALL MY SON A LIAR! EDDIE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO MARTHA IN PRIVATE!

MR. BEAGLY, I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS-THAT CHILD IS DECEITFUL! EITHER YOU BELIEVE ME, OR I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE!

IN THAT CASE, MARTHA, PERHAPS IT'S BEST!

ALL RIGHT, MR. BEAGLY, YOU JUST GO ON BELIEVING HIM, BUT HE'S NO GOOD, I TELL YOU! YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!





CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THE KID'S SURE GOT THE WOOL PULLED OVER HIS EYES!

I DON'T KNOW! HE'S STUCK, POOR GUY AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT, OR DON'T WANT TO!



THE OLD MAN! HERE'S WHERE I GRAB ME A FIVE SPOT!



HELLO, SON! STILL STUDYING? SAY, I SMELL SMOKE!

YES, DAD, OH, THAT—HA, HA, I WAS JUST MAKING SOME CHEMISTRY TESTS! DON'T WORRY THO' I DIDN'T BURN ANYTHING!

THERE'S A LECTURE ON CHEMICAL PROBLEMS IN MODERN ENGINEERING TONIGHT AT TOWN HALL, POP. I'D LIKE TO GO! COULD YOU LET ME HAVE FIVE DOLLARS? I WANT TO GET ANOTHER BOOK, TOO!

FIVE DOLLARS—THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, SON!

BUT I GUESS FOR SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE I CAN MANAGE IT! YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING, EDDIE! KEEP AT IT!

OH, THANKS, POP! YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!



THERE'S A BOY FOR YOU! SMART AS A WHIP AND ANXIOUS TO LEARN—THAT LAD WILL GO PLACES AND I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF HIM!



HA, HA, ME SPEND A NIGHT LISTENING TO A LECTURE—SOME STUFF! POP'S SO DUMB HE DOESN'T KNOW THE SCORE!





AND SO THE YEARS OF DECEPTION PASSED...

IT'S A LETTER FROM EDDIE—IN CALIFORNIA AND SAYS HE'S COMING HOME ON BUSINESS SOON!

OH, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL—HE MUST BE A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN!



JOHN, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL HIM ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT WHEN HE COMES?

OF COURSE, DARLING! HE'LL LOVE YOU AS A MOTHER!



YOU KNOW THIS IS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED—A HOME WHERE EVERYONE LOVES EACH OTHER! I'M SO LUCKY HAVING YOU—AND EDDIE, HE'S SUCH A FINE, HONEST, AMBITIOUS SON!



SO YER HITTIN' EASY, EDDIE—MAYBE THAT'S SMART THE WAY THE COPS ARE GETTIN' ON YER TAIL ON THE COAST HERE!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF NO DICKS! I'M GOING BACK ON BUSINESS—A BIG LIQUOR DEAL—SCOTCH TO BE EXACT!



BETTER WATCH YER STEP, KID! MAYBE SOME OF THEM EASTERN BOYS WON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU DOUBLE-CROSS!

AW, SHUT UP! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF IN THIS RACKET!



**COPS!**  
THEY'RE AFTER YOU, ED! BEAT IT!



OVER HIS HEAD! WE WANT HIM ALIVE!

**BANG BANG**



THOSE DUMB DICKS NEVER WERE SMART ENOUGH TO CATCH A CLEVER OPERATOR!







BUT EDDIE, YOU JUST GOT HOME! AND TOMORROW MISS PRICE AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

WE DID SO WANT YOU TO COME!

YEAH, SURE! I'M THRILLED, BUT I GOT SOME BUSINESS! I'LL BE AT THE CHURCH, FOLKS! GOOD LUCK!



SUCKERS!



OKAY, BEAGLY, HERE'S YOUR TWENTY GRAND! YOU SURE GET A PRICE FOR YOUR HOOTCH!

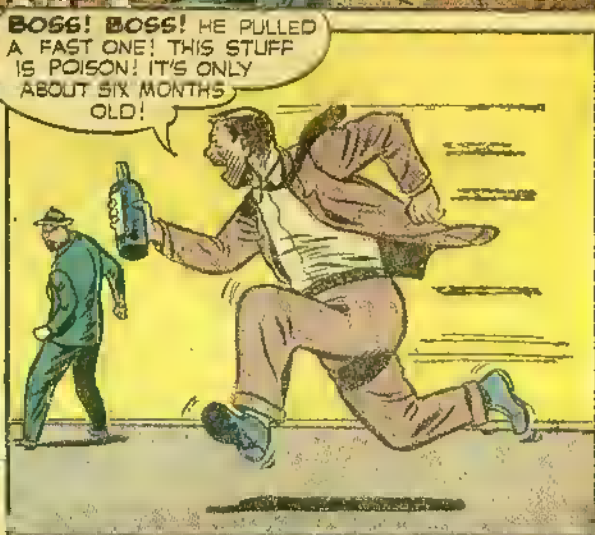
CUT THE MALARKY! WHERE CAN YOU PICK UP TEN YEAR OLD SCOTCH FOR FIVE BUCKS A BOTTLE?



SEE YOU LATER! I GOT A DATE!

OKAY, WHERE'LL I REACH YOU IF I WANT MORE?

I'LL CONTACT YOU!



BOSS! BOSS! HE PULLED A FAST ONE! THIS STUFF IS POISON! IT'S ONLY ABOUT SIX MONTHS OLD!

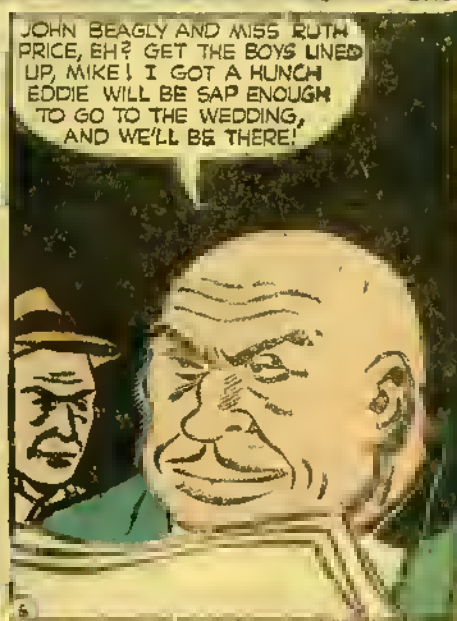


WHY THAT DIRTY@@!!KX WE MADE THIS AT TEN, BOTTLED IT AT ELEVEN AND SOLD IT TO ME AT MIDNIGHT! FIND OUT WHERE THAT BUM LIVES!



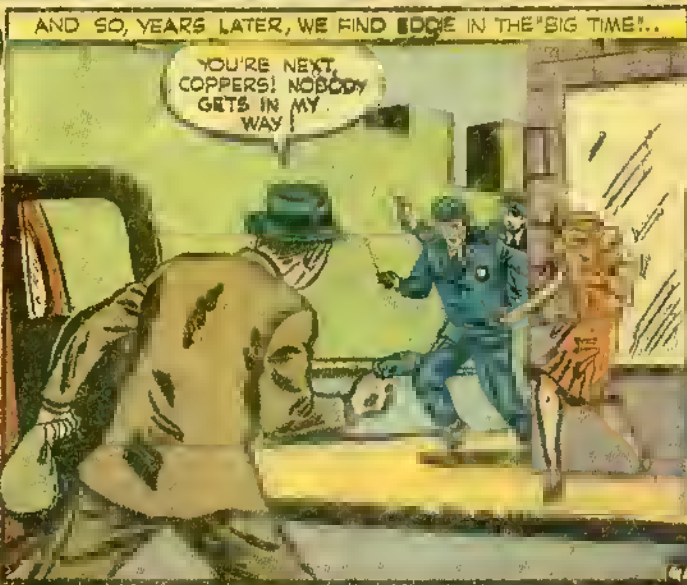
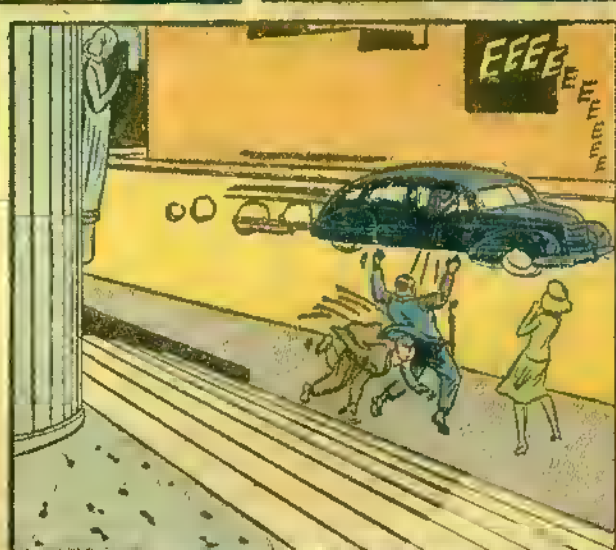
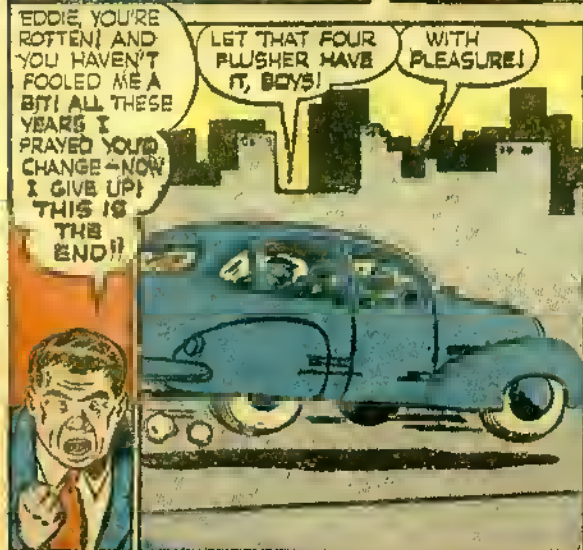
LATER... ANY LUCK, MIKE?

I DON'T KNOW, BOSS, BUT I GOT A TIP! ONE OF THE BOYS MENTIONED HIS OLD MAN WAS GETTIN' MARRIED AND HERE IT IS IN THE PAPER!



JOHN BEAGLY AND MISS RUTH PRICE, EH? GET THE BOYS LINED UP, MIKE! I GOT A HUNCH EDDIE WILL BE SAP ENOUGH TO GO TO THE WEDDING, AND WE'LL BE THERE!







THE ELECTRIC CHAIR'S TOO GOOD FOR THAT BEAGLY! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO HIT THIS WOMAN!

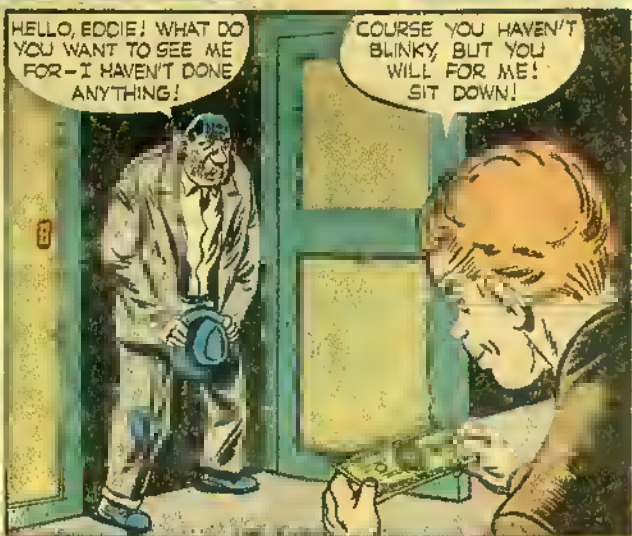
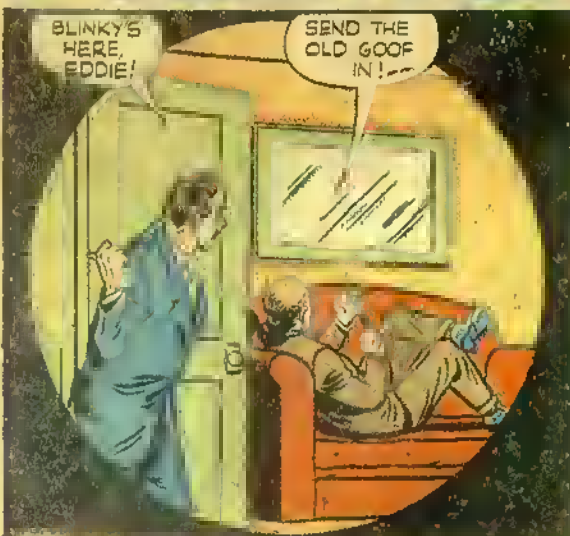
WE'LL GET HIM SOME DAY— AND I WANT TO BE THERE!

PRETTY NASTY STUFF, THIS BEAGLY, DARE-DEVIL—MEANEST ONE WE'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME—DOESN'T CARE WHO HE

WELL, FROM NOW ON I'M DEVOTING MY FULL TIME TO HIM, CRANDELL! I'VE GOTTEN A VERY PERSONAL DISLIKE FOR THE BUTCHER!

THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND THE WEST SIDE SOME MORE! SOONER OR LATER ONE OF HIS STOOGES WILL DROP A TIP ON HIS

COULD BE! BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE ONE STEP AHEAD OF US! HE'S GOT THE CASH AND HE'S USING IT TO KEEP A NETWORK OF



NOW TELL ME, WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT DAREDEVIL LOOKING FOR ME! THIS IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL I GOT IN MY HANDS!

GOSH, EDDIE, I WISH I KNEW MORE—BUT ALL I FOUND OUT WAS THAT HE'S LOOKIN' AROUND FOR YA!



WELL, THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, EDDIE!





SO YOU WANT TO SEE DAREDEVIL, DO YOU? WELL, YOU'RE IN LUCK! HE'S HERE RIGHT NOW—IT BETTER BE IMPORTANT!

HEY, DAREDEVIL! A GUEST!

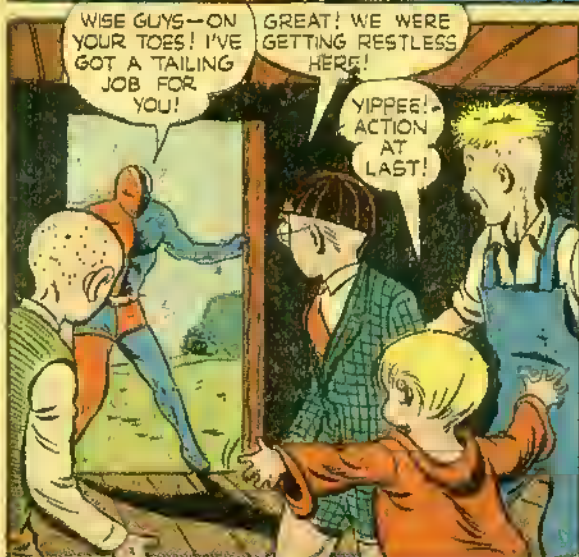
IT'S IMPORTANT ALL RIGHT!

YOU SEE EDDIE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME AND TREATED ME MEAN AND I KNOW YOU ARE LOOKING FOR HIM! HE'S GOING TO BE AT THE ROBINSON DRUG STORE AT EIGHT TO-NIGHT—ON FINE!

WELL, THAT'S PRETTY DECENT OF YOU, BLINKY! CAN I DO YOU A FAVOR OF SOME KIND?

NO..NO..DAREDEVIL! MAYBE LATER! I GOTTA GO RIGHT NOW!

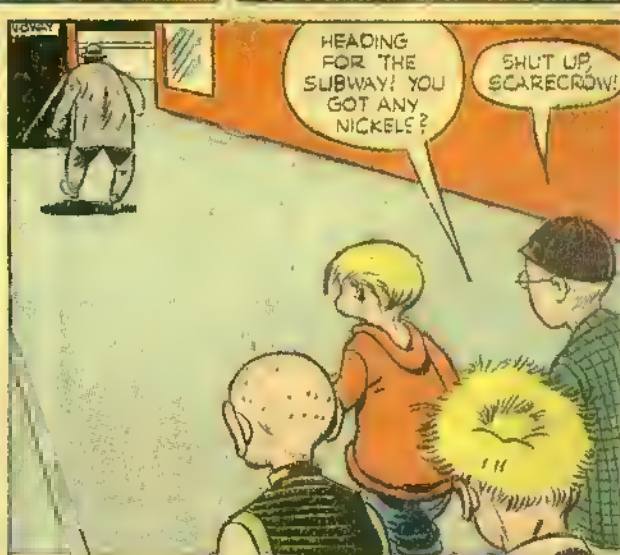
THAT'S TOO BAD—BUT THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!



WISE GUYS—ON YOUR TOES! I'VE GOT A TAILING JOB FOR YOU!

GREAT! WE WERE GETTING RESTLESS HERE!

YIPPEE! ACTION AT LAST!



HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY! YOU GOT ANY NICKELS?

SHUT UP, SCARECROW!

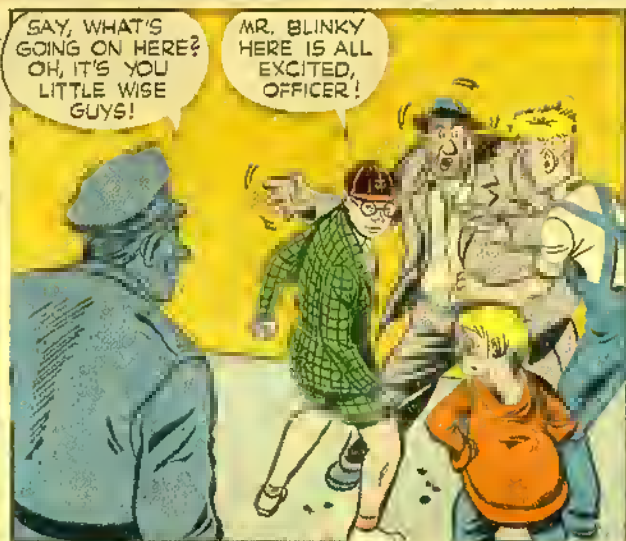
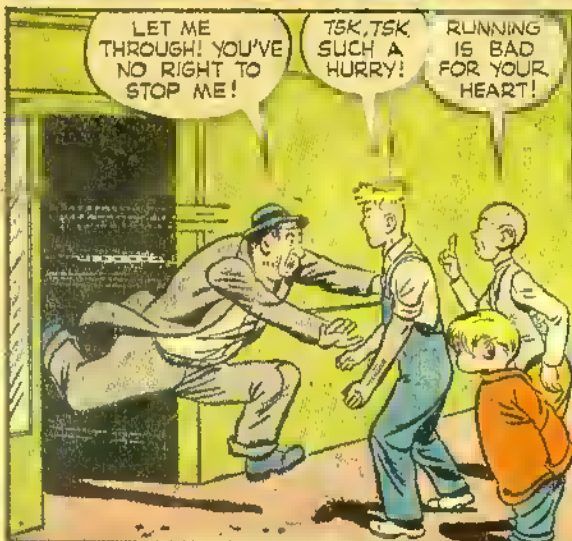
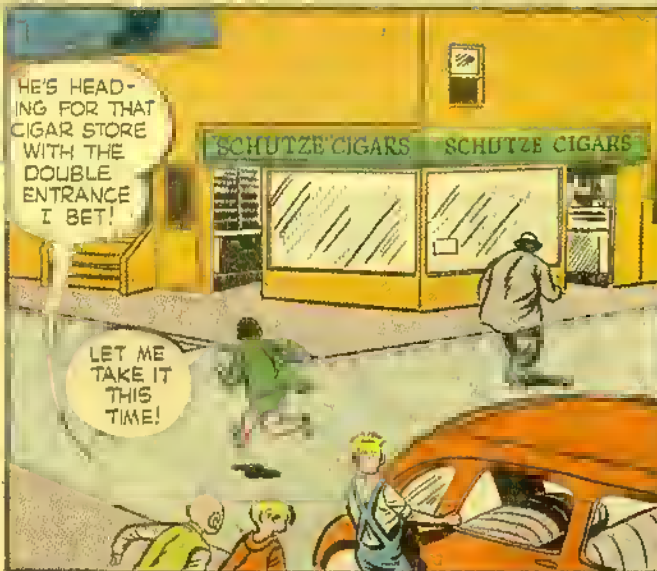


YIPE!!

WHATTA YA READ—GET YER EVENING PAPER!

?









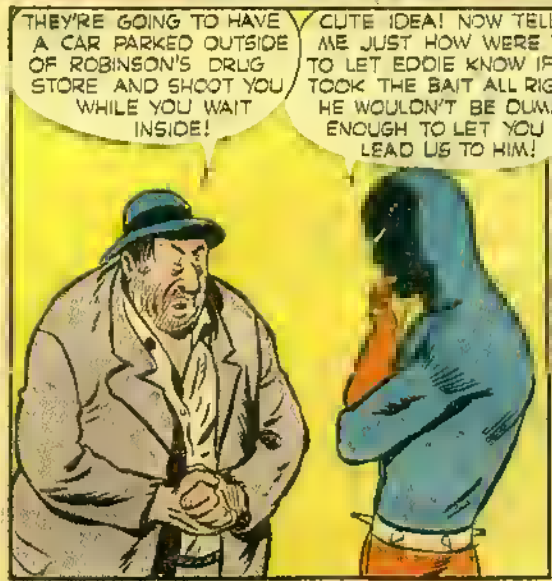
YOU KNOW, BLINKY, I'VE NOTICED YOU KEEP YOUR HAND PRETTY CLOSE TO THAT WATCH POCKET OF YOURS--DO YOU HAVE A SECRET?

N..NO!  
NO!  
I...

MY GOODNESS! A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL! THAT'S QUITE A LOT FOR SOMEONE TO PUT INTO YOUR TIN CUP!

I..IT ISN'T MINE!  
I..I WAS JUST HOLDING IT FOR SOMEONE!

ALRIGHT, THE SHOW'S OVER! EDDIE BEAGLY GAVE YOU THIS TO LEAD ME INTO A TRAP! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO SPEAK OR DO I TURN YOU OVER TO THE BOYS? I'LL T..TELL YOU, B..BUT HE MADE ME DO IT, HONEST!



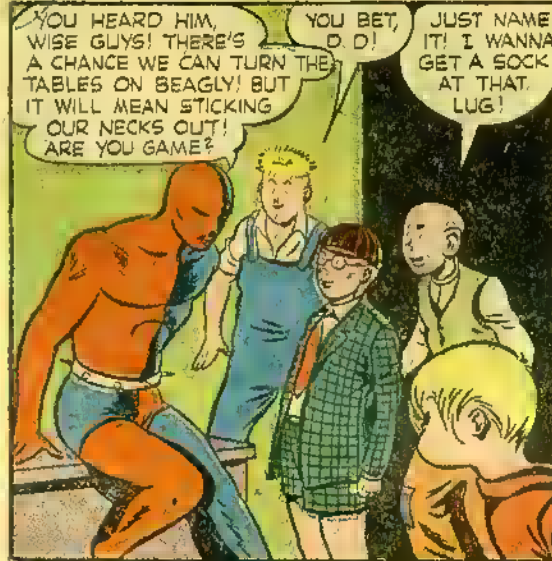
THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE OF ROBINSON'S DRUG STORE AND SHOOT YOU WHILE YOU WAIT INSIDE!

CUTE IDEA! NOW TELL ME JUST HOW WERE YOU TO LET EDDIE KNOW IF I TOOK THE BAIT ALL RIGHT! HE WOULDN'T BE DUMB ENOUGH TO LET YOU LEAD US TO HIM!



I WAS TO JUST WALK DOWN LEXINGTON AVENUE PAST GRAND CENTRAL WITH MY HAT IN MY HAND! HONEST, DAREDEVIL, HE'D KILL ME IF I DIDN'T DO IT!

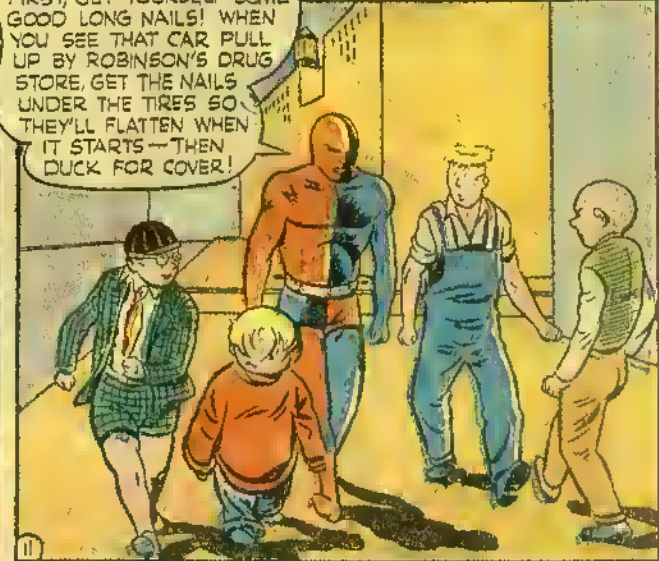
WOULDN'T GET THAT HUNDRED DOLLARS, EITHER, WOULD YOU? ALL RIGHT, CASSIDY--SEE THAT HE DOES THAT WALKING AND GETS BACK HERE!



YOU HEARD HIM, WISE GUYS! THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN TURN THE TABLES ON BEAGLY! BUT IT WILL MEAN STICKING OUR NECKS OUT! ARE YOU GAME?

YOU BET, D. D!

JUST NAME IT! I WANNA GET A SOCK AT THAT LUG!



FIRST, GET YOURSELF SOME GOOD LONG NAILS! WHEN YOU SEE THAT CAR PULL UP BY ROBINSON'S DRUG STORE, GET THE NAILS UNDER THE TIRES SO THEY'LL FLATTEN WHEN IT STARTS--THEN DUCK FOR COVER!



HELLO! MANAGER OF ROBINSON'S DRUG STORE? THIS IS THE POLICE CALLING! HAVE YOUR STORE EMPTY EXCEPT FOR ONE CLERK AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT THIS EVENING! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! ONE OF OUR MEN WILL EXPLAIN!



THAT'S A FUNNY ONE—MAKING US GET ALL THE CUSTOMERS OUT! I WONDER IF IT'S A GAG!



IT'S NOT A GAG, SON!

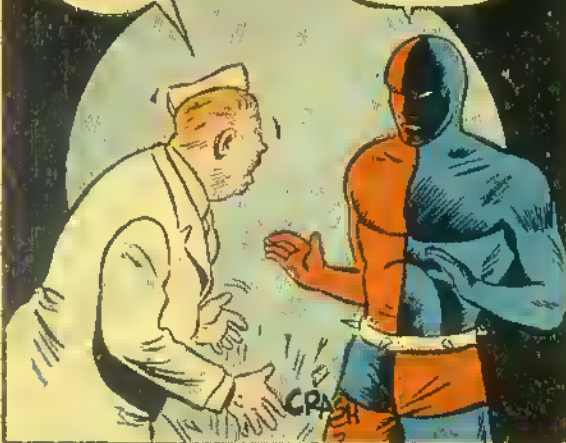


D..DAREDEVIL! THE REAR ENTRANCE! BUT LISTEN CLOSELY NOW—I WANT YOU TO KEEP UNDER COVER! IN A FEW MINUTES SOMEONE WILL TRY TO KILL ME HERE!



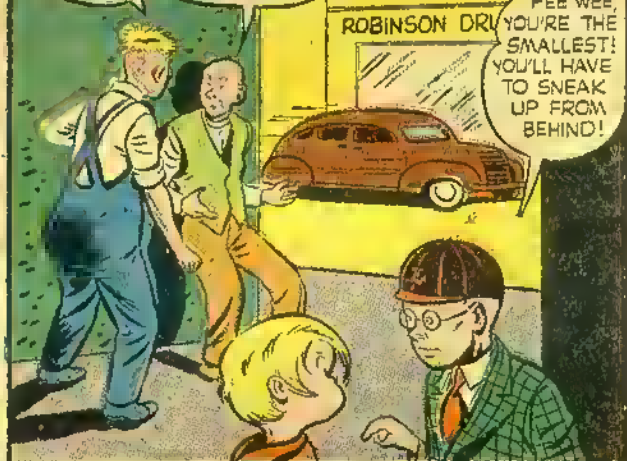
KILL YOU!

YES, BUT DON'T BE NERVOUS—JUST GO ABOUT YOUR DUTIES! I'LL YELL WHEN THE DANGER COMES!



THERE IT IS—THE CAR!

HOW'LL WE DO THIS WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



PEE WEE, YOU'RE THE SMALLEST! YOU'LL HAVE TO SNEAK UP FROM BEHIND!

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, PEE WEE!

ROBINSON DRUGS



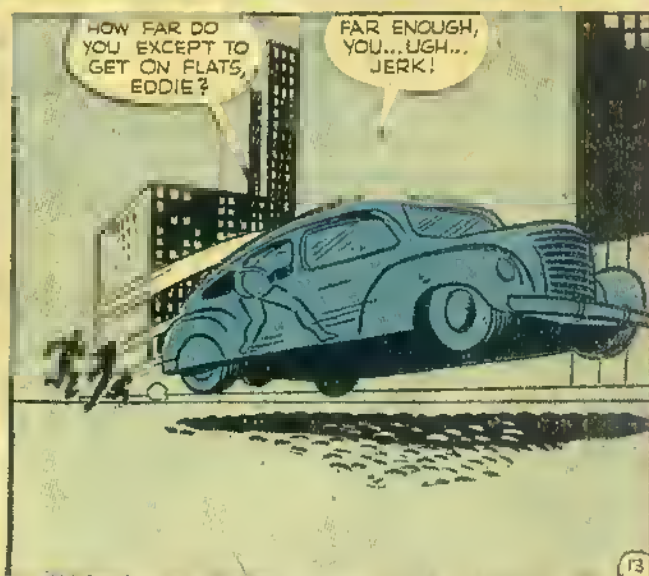
YOU BETCHA!

SEE HIM?

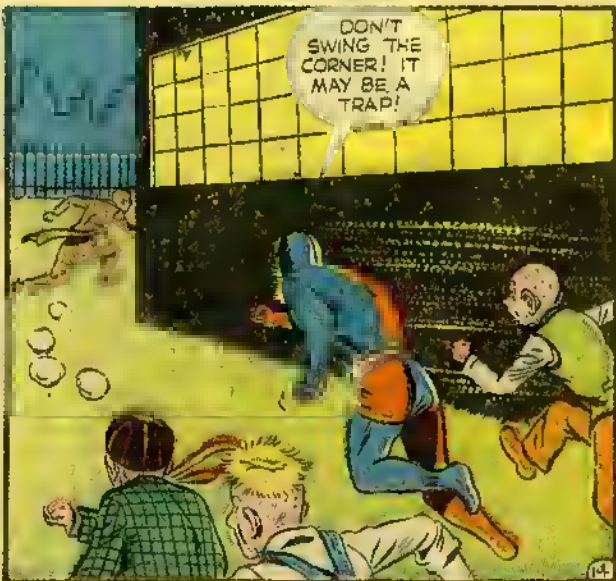
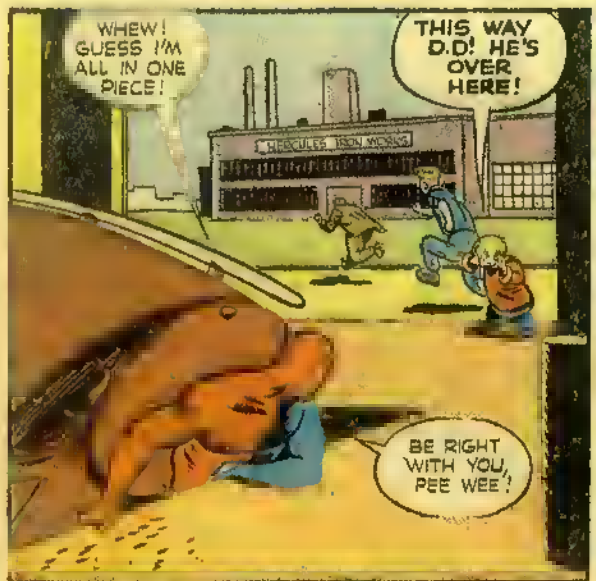
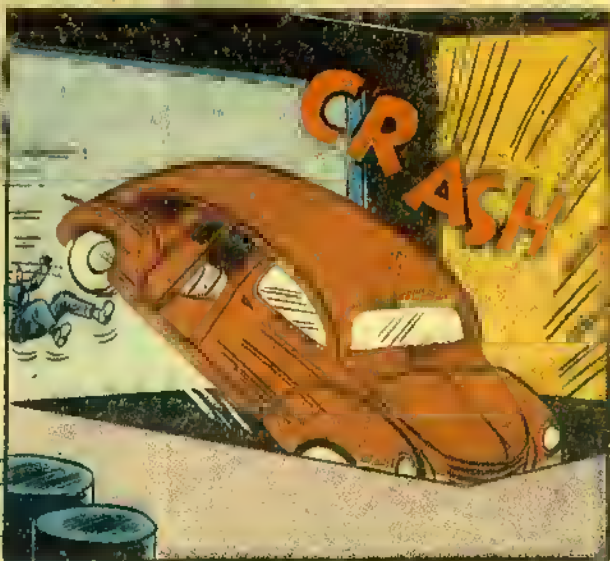
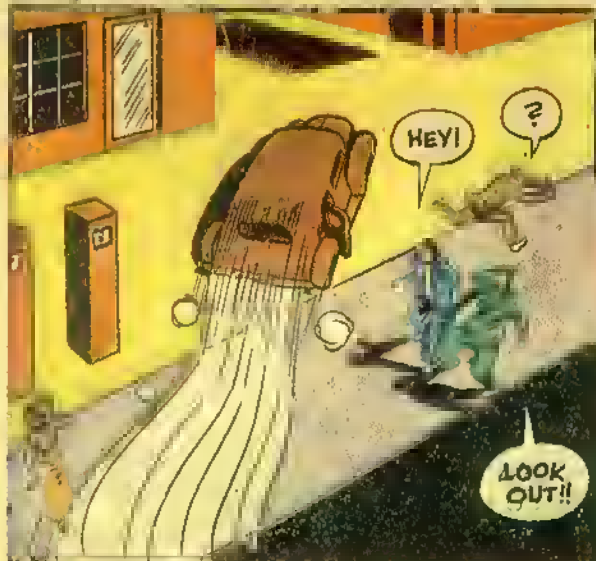
YEAH! HE'S OUT BACK! I THINK HE'S COMING FORWARD! WAIT'LL WE GET A GOOD SHOT!



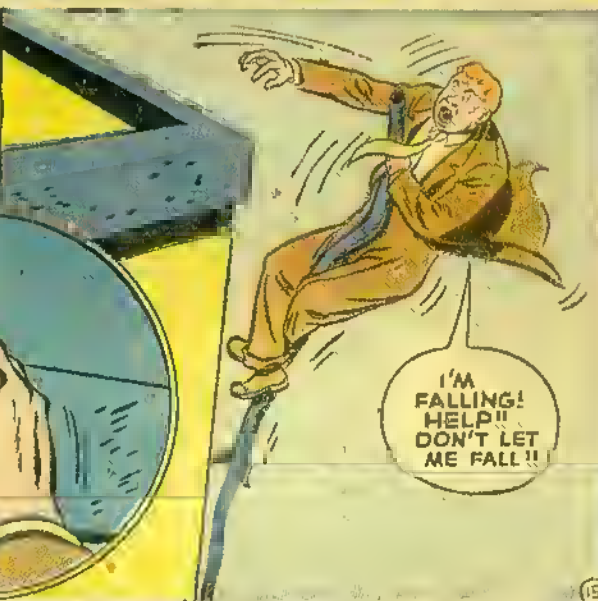
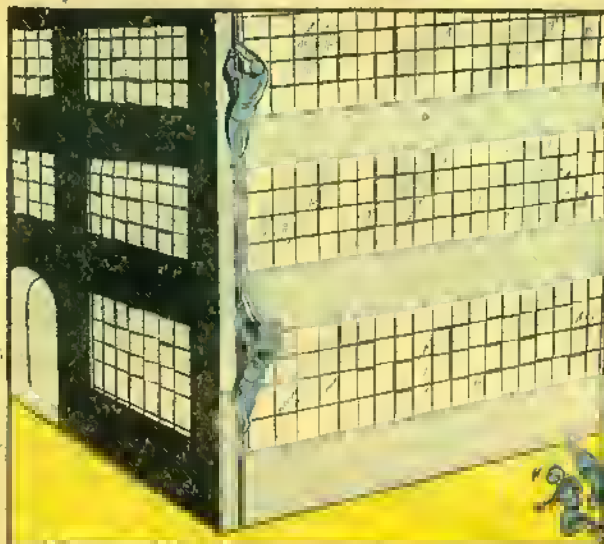
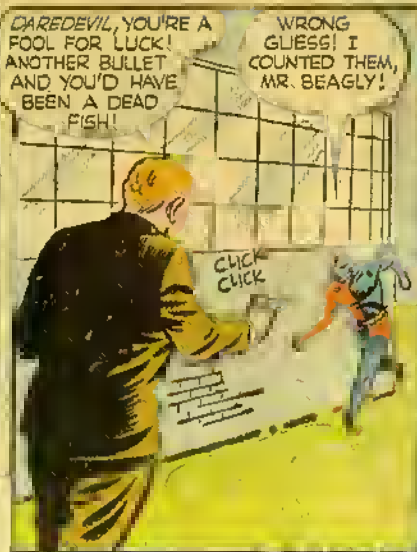




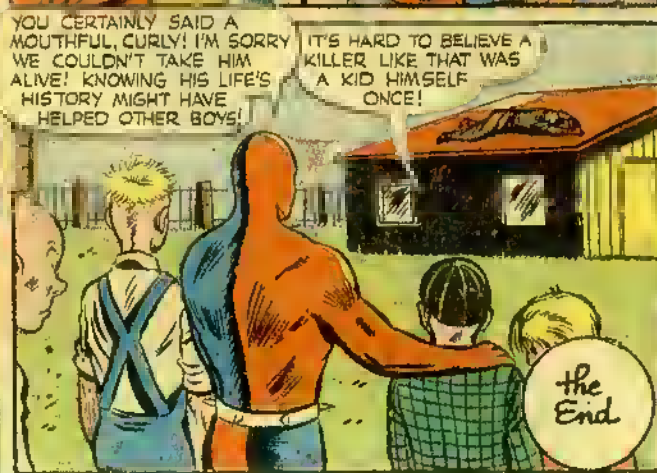
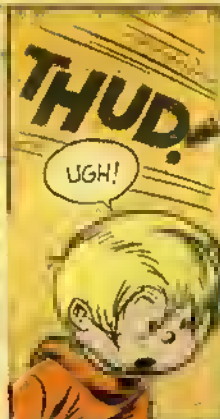












Here's an easy way to send your wastebasket paper to war!

1 Cut four strips, about one inch deep, in each side then fold one side in each and glue up a corrugated cardboard box.

2 Place three pieces of cardboard inside the box, with their ends through the sides. Line the box with newspapers, placing the newspapers an inch or two apart. Dump your wastebasket of scraps into the box and push them down tight until the box is filled.

3 Lay a cardboard strip on top of the packed-down scraps. Tie your bundle tight, tie it out, and your box is ready to mail again.



4 Save every scrap of paper. Save your waste paper. It'll make paper unless you waste it!

Who said  
**SHORTAGES?**  
*There is NO shortage of IDEAS!*

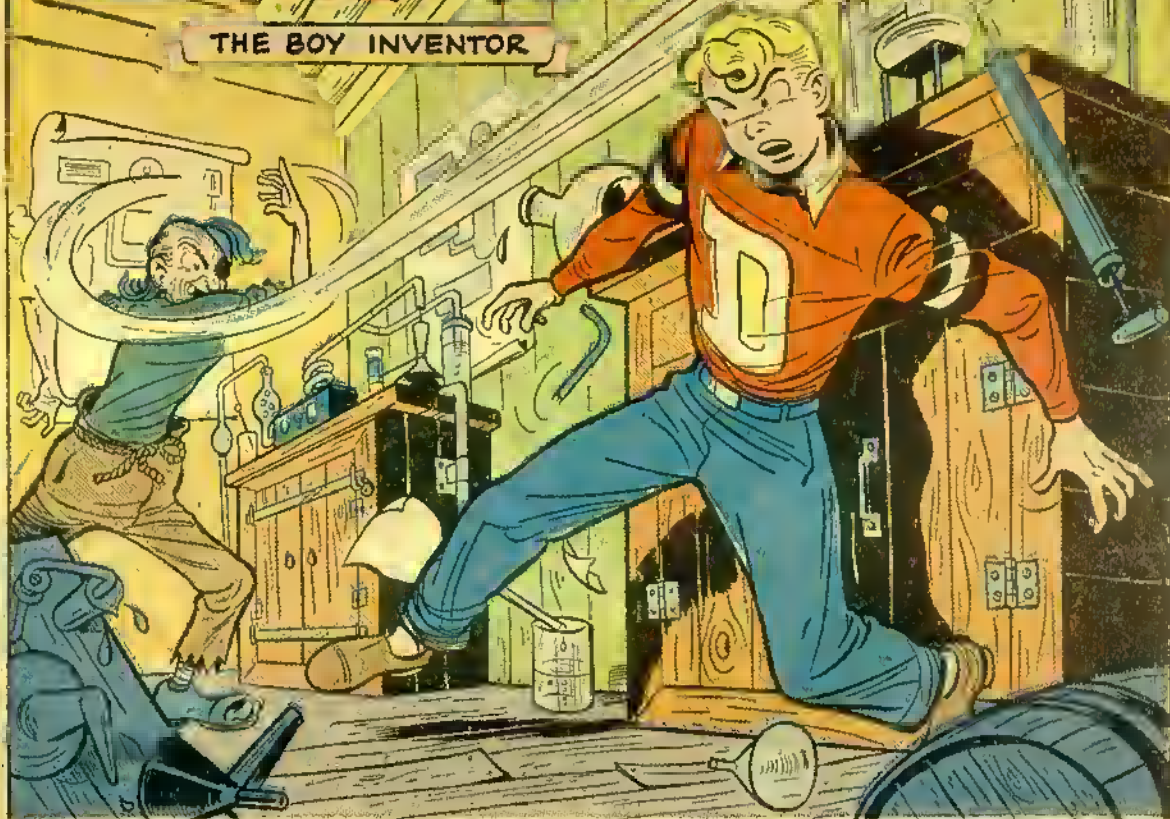
THE QUALITY OF COMIC MAGAZINES DEPENDS WHOLLY UPON THE ORIGINALITY OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS—FRESHNESS, DARING AND ORIGINALITY COMBINE TO MAKE **DAREDEVIL, BOY and.**

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY** THE **THREE MOST** OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS POPULAR AND ADVANCING FIELD!



# DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR



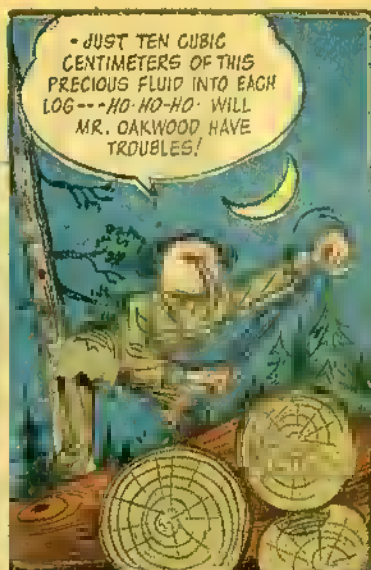
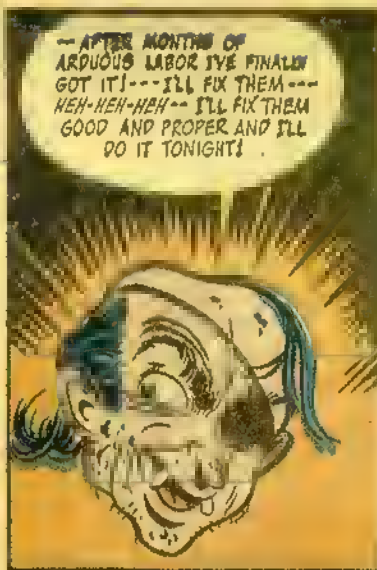
**D**ICKIE DEAN'S LATEST INVENTION THE SUPER-TRACTOR IS THE MOST POWERFUL TRACTOR EVER BUILT! BUT WAIT----LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OUR STORY.

IT IS LATE IN THE EVENING, WHEN MOST EVERYONE IS ASLEEP, BUT A LIGHT CAN BE SEEN IN THE WINDOW OF A LONELY OLD SHACK, NOT FAR FROM THE OAKWOOD LUMBER COMPANY-

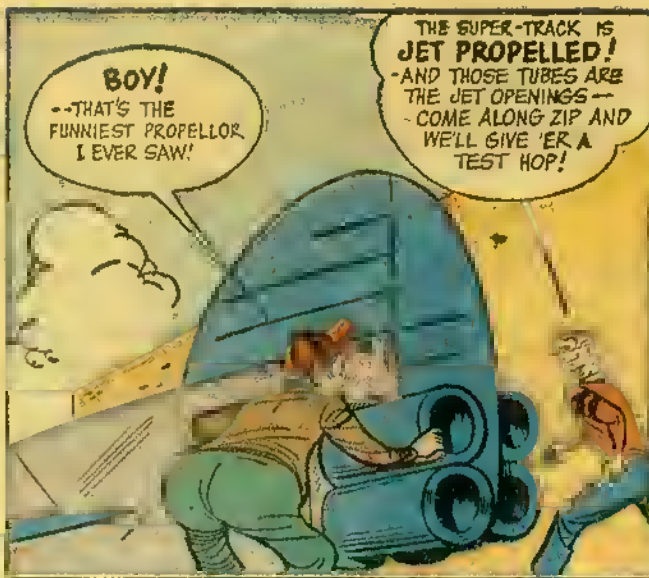


RAY!  
I'VE GOT IT!  
I'VE GOT IT!









**BOY!**

--THAT'S THE FUNNIEST PROPELLOR I EVER SAW!

THE SUPER-TRACK IS JET PROPELLED!  
--AND THOSE TUBES ARE THE JET OPENINGS--  
--COME ALONG ZIP AND WE'LL GIVE 'ER A TEST HOP!



HELLO-- YES-- THIS IS DICKIE DEAN SPEAKING--  
-- OH HELLO MR. OAKWOOD--  
-- YES-- I HAVE IT FINISHED BUT HAVEN'T MADE ANY TESTS YET--  
-- I WAS GOING TO--



DICKIE-- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!-- SOMETHING UNCANNY HAS HAPPENED HERE AT THE LUMBER CAMP--- I'LL EXPLAIN LATER --- BETTER GET HERE RIGHT AWAY!



**COME ON!**  
ZIP-- MR. G. ELM OAKWOOD IS IN TROUBLE--- WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE TESTS ON THE WAY--

JUST A MINUTE--  
I'LL GET MY CAMERA DICKIE--



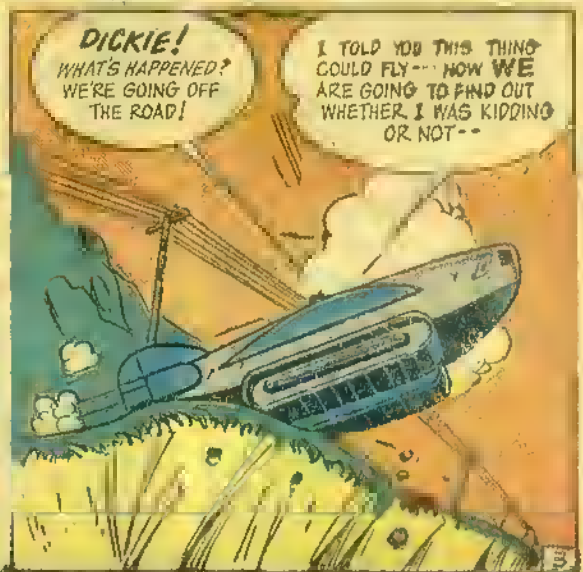
WELL ZIP-- THE SUPER-TRACK CERTAINLY HAS A FAST GET AWAY--- I DO HOPE MY OTHER CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT--

YEAH! YOU AND ME BOTH--- ANYWAY-- WE'LL HAVE SOME GOOD SNAPSHOTS!



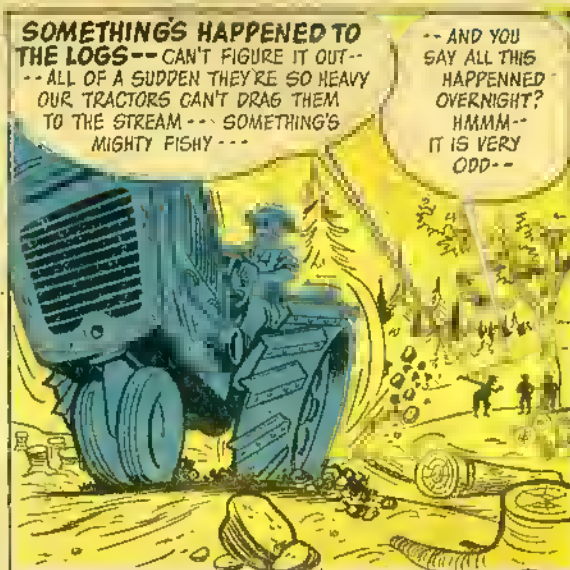
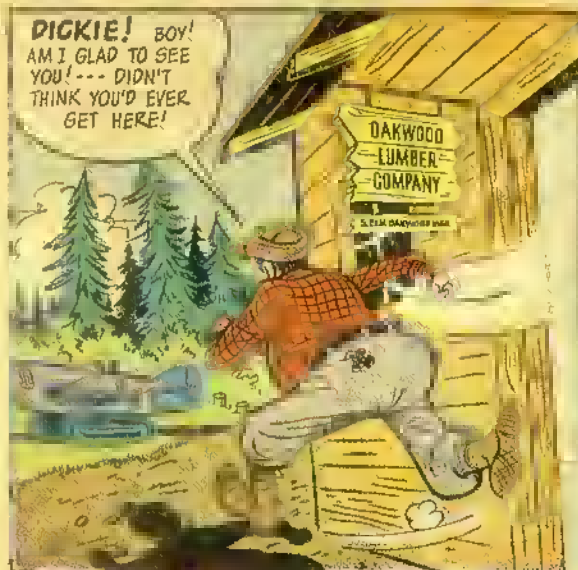
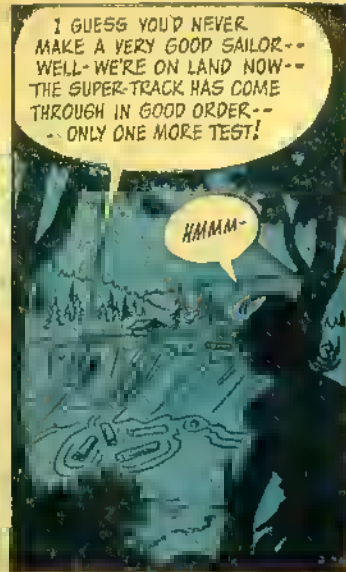
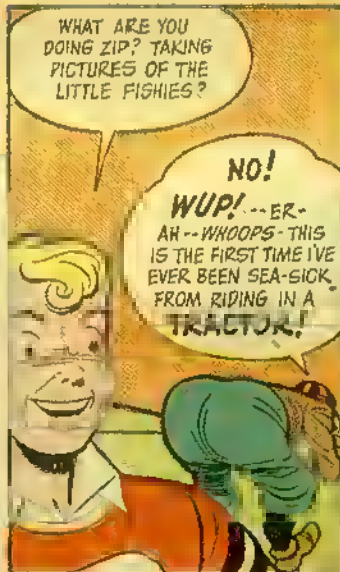
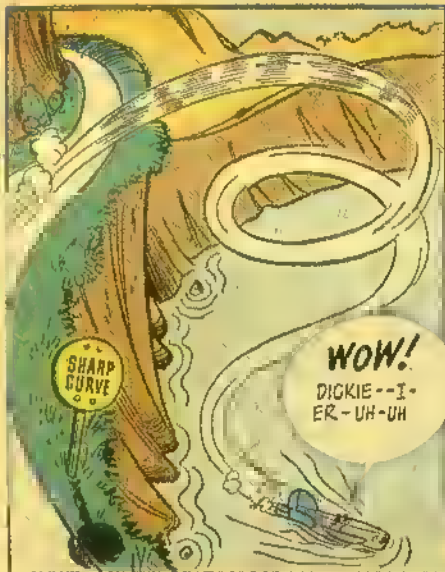
--BE SURE TO HAVE SOME FILM IN THE CAMERA FIRST, CHUBBY-- HMM-- I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED UP AT THE LUMBER CAMP-- OH-- I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, ZIP-- THE AMPHIBIOUS---

AMPH-- OH-- YOU MEAN IT ALSO GOES ON WATER--  
--YOU HOPE--

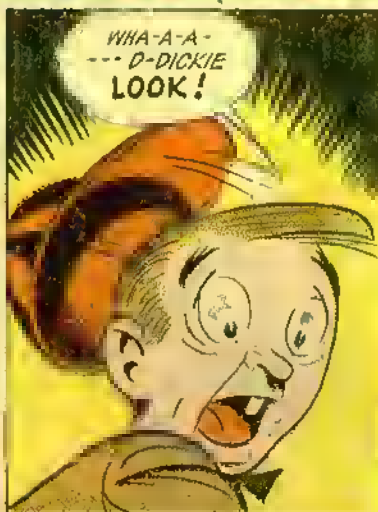
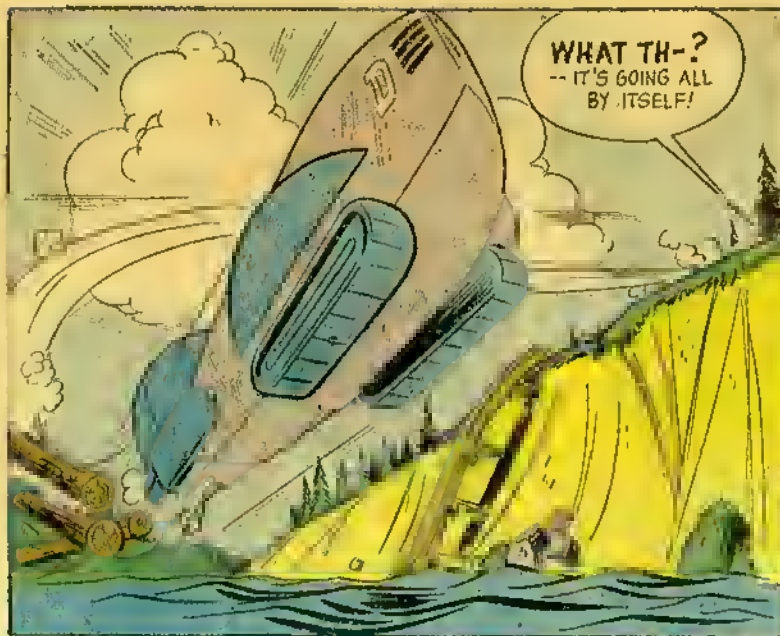


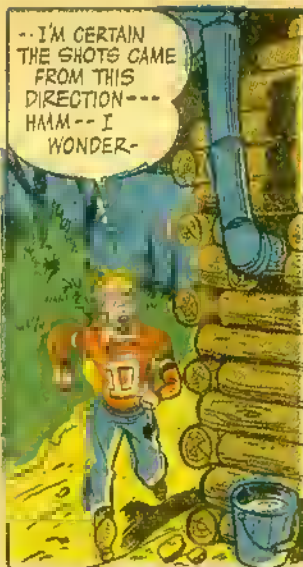
**DICKIE!**  
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WE'RE GOING OFF THE ROAD!

I TOLD YOU THIS THING COULD FLY-- NOW WE ARE GOING TO FIND OUT WHETHER I WAS KIDDING OR NOT--









-- I'M CERTAIN  
THE SHOTS CAME  
FROM THIS  
DIRECTION---  
HAM-- I  
WONDER-



WHAT'S THAT?  
WHO ARE YOU?--  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?



FIRST I WANT TO  
RELIEVE YOU OF THAT  
GUN-- SOMEONE  
MIGHT GET HURT--

OWWW!



TAKE THIS-  
Y-YOU  
MEDDLER!

WHO'S  
CALLING WHO  
A MEDDLER?



MAYBE THIS WILL  
TEACH YOU A LESSON  
- OR TWO!

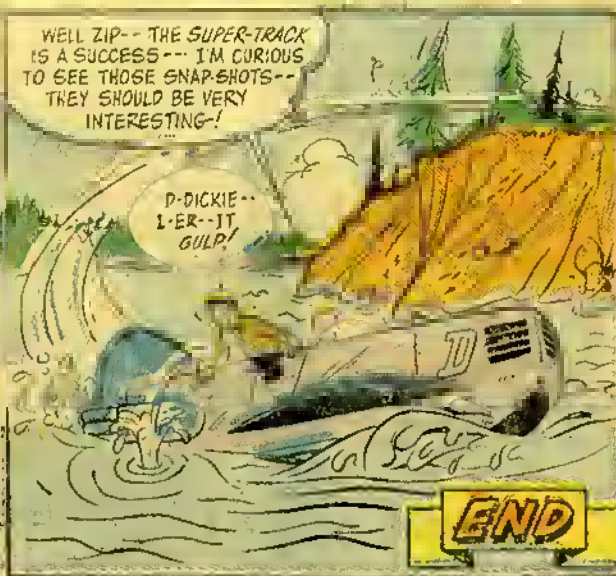


GOSH! JUST A  
BRAIN-WAVY OLD  
SCIENTIST-- ANYWAY  
THAT'S WHAT I GATHERED  
FROM HIS PAPERS--  
AN ASYLUM WOULD BE  
THE BEST PLACE  
FOR HIM--



-- THAT'S THE STORY, MR.  
OAKWOOD --JUST AN OLD HERMIT  
WHO LOVED TREES-- COULDN'T  
SEE THEM CUT DOWN-- HE  
INJECTED A FLUID INTO THE LOGS  
THAT INCREASED THEIR WEIGHT  
TEN FOLD-- I THINK A MENTAL  
INSTITUTION WOULD BE A  
GOOD HOME FOR HIM--

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM DICKIE--  
THANKS A LOT FOR  
HELPING US OUT  
THIS WAY--  
THANKS A  
MILLION!



WELL ZIP-- THE SUPER-TRACK  
IS A SUCCESS-- I'M CURIOUS  
TO SEE THOSE SNAPSHOTS--  
THEY SHOULD BE VERY  
INTERESTING--

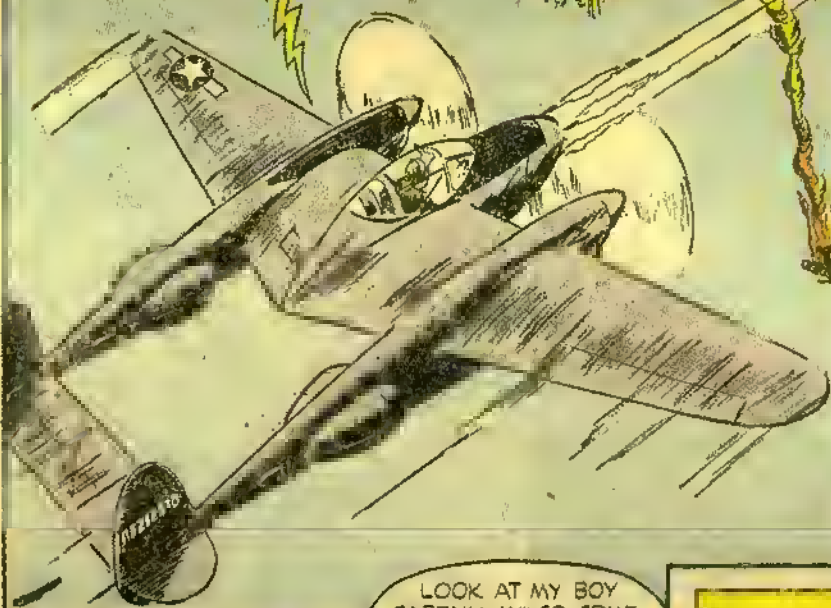
D-DICKIE--  
I-ER--IT  
GULP!

END



# Introducing **ROGER WILCO**

WILCO TO FIRST BASE—  
WILCO TO FIRST BASE—THERE  
GOES THE SECOND NIPPO! SEE  
YOU IN A FEW MINUTES! I'M  
GETTING LOW ON GAS!



LOOK AT MY BOY  
CAPTAIN WILCO COME  
IN WITH THAT SHIP! HE  
HANDLES IT LIKE A  
BICYCLE!

AMERICA'S MEN OF THE AIR  
FIGHT NOT ONLY IN THE SKIES—  
THEIRS IS A BATTLE OF NERVE  
AND KNOWLEDGE THAT DEMANDS  
THE FINEST MINDS AND SKILL  
OUR NATION HAS TO GIVE—  
NO WONDER THEN THAT  
CAPTAIN ROGER WILCO,  
ACE OF THE U.S.A.A. IS  
CAPABLE OF TAKING THE  
DANGEROUS ROLE OF COUNTER-  
SPY IN A NETWORK OF SABOTAGE  
AND HATE!

YEAH! AND  
I HEAR HE'S  
LEAVING US  
FOR THE  
STATES!

HIYA, BOY! GET THE  
STENCIL OUT! WE GOT  
TWO MORE TODAY!

THAT'S GREAT!  
THAT RUNS OUR  
SCORE UP TO TWENTY-  
FIVE! AND...ER...  
CAPTAIN WILCO, THE  
C.O. WANTS TO  
SEE YOU!

AN AMERICAN AIRBASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—1945 L.

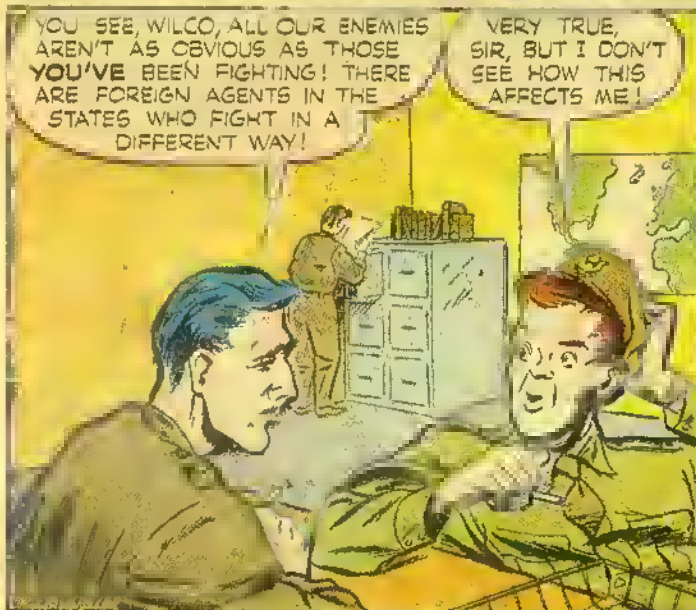


WONDER WHAT  
THE COLONEL HAS  
ON HIS MIND TODAY?  
I HOPE I'M NOT  
FIRED!



CAPTAIN WILCO  
REPORTING, SIR!  
YOU WISHED TO  
SEE ME?

YES, CAPTAIN!  
I'VE A BIT OF  
NEWS FOR YOU!  
HAVE A  
SEAT!



YOU SEE, WILCO, ALL OUR ENEMIES  
AREN'T AS OBVIOUS AS THOSE  
YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING! THERE  
ARE FOREIGN AGENTS IN THE  
STATES WHO FIGHT IN A  
DIFFERENT WAY!

VERY TRUE,  
SIR, BUT I DON'T  
SEE HOW THIS  
AFFECTS ME!

WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL  
MISSION FOR YOU IN THE  
STATES AND HAVE  
ARRANGED A LEAVE  
OF ABSENCE FOR  
YOU IF YOU...

WOW! ER...  
I... I MEAN  
Y... YESSIR,  
I'M READY!



AND SO  
CAPTAIN ROGER  
WILCO ARRIVES IN  
A FAMOUS AIRPLANE  
MANUFACTURING  
CENTER IN THE  
UNITED STATES TO  
TAK UP HIS  
NEW JOB.



SMILE,  
CAPTAIN!

CAN WE  
HAVE A WORD  
FOR THE  
PAPERS?

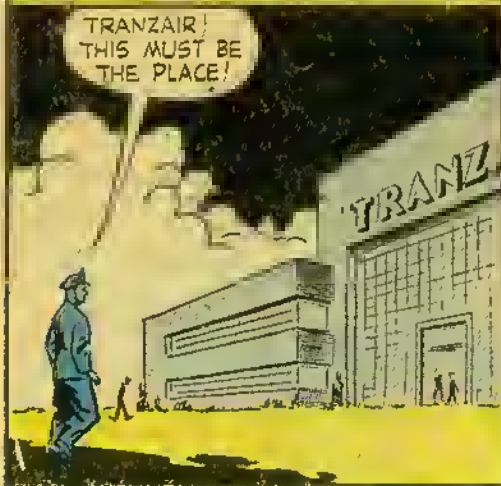
WOW! I'D RATHER  
FACE A HALF-DOZEN  
ZEROS!

THIS  
WAY, CAP-  
TAIN WILCO!



A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE OFFICES OF "TRANZAIR," A GREAT AIR-TRANSPORT AND RESEARCH COMPANY.

TRANZAIR!  
THIS MUST BE  
THE PLACE!



IS THERE SOME-  
THING I CAN  
DO FOR YOU?

AH... ULP! ER... IS MR. TRANZAIR  
OF BLUNDELL IN? AH, I MEAN  
BLUNDELL OF TRANZELL IS...  
OH, WELL, IS THE BOSS IN?



MR. TRANZAIR?  
BLANDELL?  
BRAN...

IF YOU MEAN MR. BLUNDELL  
OF TRANZAIR, PLEASE  
FOLLOW ME!



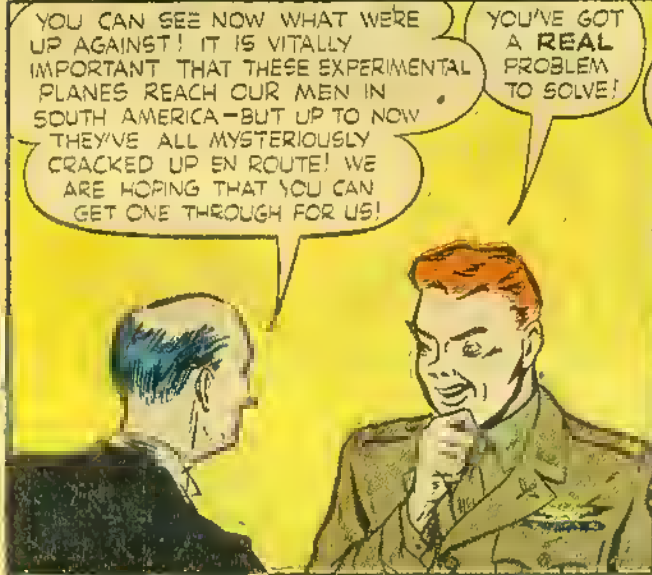
THANK YOU,  
MISS—

AHEM! CAPTAIN WILCO,  
WE'VE BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU! IF YOU'LL  
BE SEATED, WE'LL  
HAVE A TALK!



YOU CAN SEE NOW WHAT WERE  
UP AGAINST! IT IS VITALLY  
IMPORTANT THAT THESE EXPERIMENTAL  
PLANES REACH OUR MEN IN  
SOUTH AMERICA—BUT UP TO NOW  
THEY'VE ALL MYSTERIOUSLY  
CRACKED UP EN ROUTE! WE  
ARE HOPING THAT YOU CAN  
GET ONE THROUGH FOR US!

YOU'VE GOT  
A REAL  
PROBLEM  
TO SOLVE!



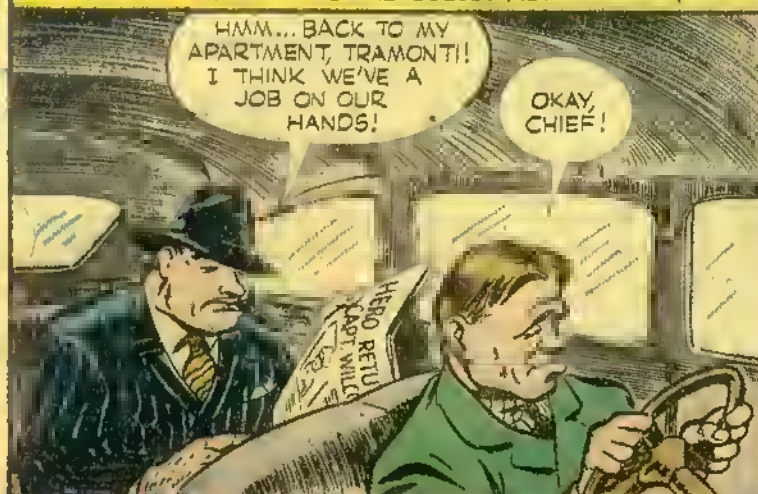
WE KNOW THIS  
IS A DANGEROUS  
TASK AND YOU ARE  
AT LIBERTY TO  
REFUSE, CAPTAIN  
WILCO!

NONSENSE, MR. BLUNDELL!  
I'M AS ANXIOUS AS YOU  
ARE TO GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THIS! I'LL  
BE GLAD TO TAKE THE  
ASSIGNMENT!

GOOD! LET'S  
STEP ASIDE AND I'LL  
SHOW YOU OUR  
NEWEST PLANE!



WHILE CAPTAIN ROGER WILCO TALKS WITH MR. BLUNDELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE A SLEEK SEDAN SPEEDING ALONG WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.

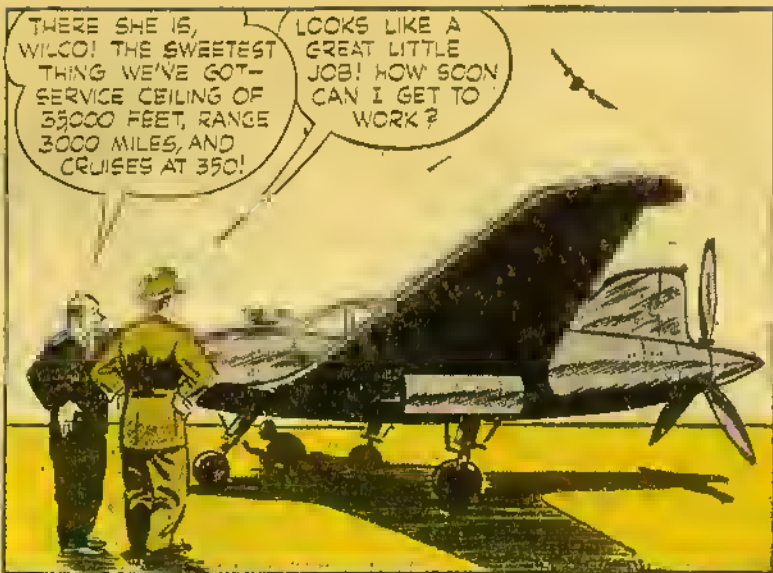






LET'S STEP OUTSIDE, AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR NEWEST SHIP!

I'M SURE THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I'D RATHER BE INTRODUCED TO!



THERE SHE IS, WILCO! THE SWEETEST THING WE'VE GOT—SERVICE CEILING OF 35000 FEET, RANGE 3000 MILES, AND CRUISES AT 350!

LOOKS LIKE A GREAT LITTLE JOB! HOW SOON CAN I GET TO WORK?



THE SHIP IS READY! YOU CAN LEAVE AS SOON AS YOU WANT—TOMORROW, IN FACT! WE'LL GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS!

TOMORROW IS FINE! YOU CAN EXPECT ME EARLY!



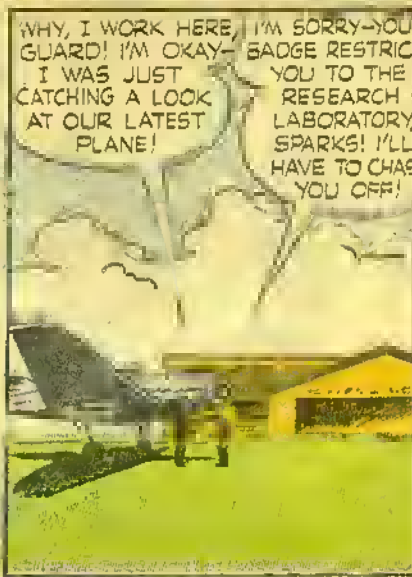
I HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION, CHIEF! HE LEAVES TOMORROW AND I'LL HAVE THE DEVICE IN HIS PLANE!

O.K., SPARKS LET'S NOT HAVE ANY SLIP-UPS!



NOW I CAN SLIP THIS IN THE CABIN!

HEY, YOU! WAIT A MINUTE!



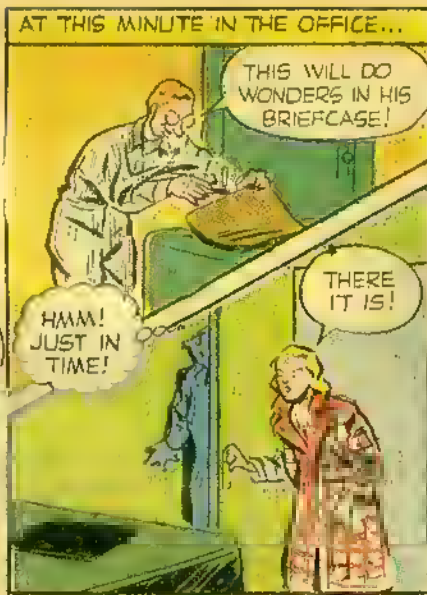
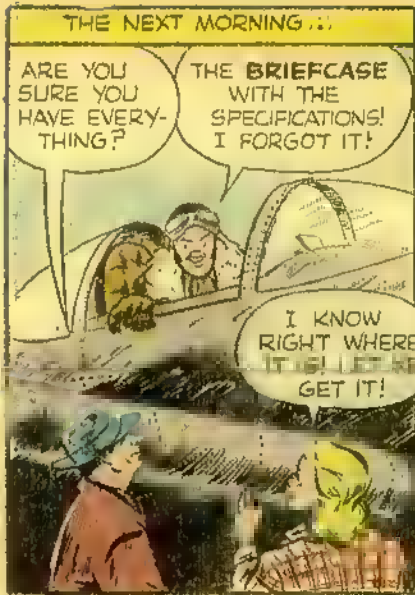
WHY, I WORK HERE, GUARD! I'M OKAY—I WAS JUST CATCHING A LOOK AT OUR LATEST PLANE!

I'M SORRY—YOUR BADGE RESTRICTS YOU TO THE RESEARCH LABORATORY, SPARKS! I'LL HAVE TO CHASE YOU OFF!

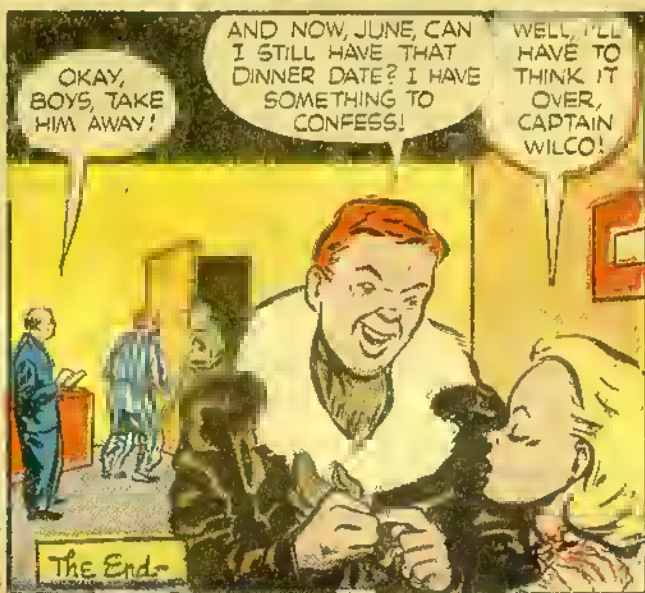


IS SPARK'S PLAN GOING TO FAIL?

THAT GUARD HAD TO STEP IN OR I'D HAVE HAD EVERYTHING FIXED! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!







# MILLION DOLLAR RACKET

By DICK WOOD

**C**RIMEBUSTER entered Chief Crandell's office and smiled at the kind old man sitting beside the chief's desk.

"I'm Professor Herbert," the man said. "You must be *Crimebuster*?"

"Yes sir. Chief Crandell told me you were having some trouble and wished to contact me."

Professor Herbert stood up and mopped his brow nervously with a handkerchief. "*Crimebuster*, I'm in a great deal of trouble. I fear for my very life . . . but perhaps I had better start at the beginning. You see, I'm with the Dutton Chemical Company working on some very delicate and secret experiments. In fact one of my developments on a storage battery is so very crucial to the postwar automobile industry that I fear for its safety. It is a battery that can last for years and be put on the market for just a few dollars."

"But aren't the Dutton people taking proper precautions on such an important invention?", *Crimebuster* interrupted.

"That's just it, *Crimebuster*. Of course they have the laboratory protected well. In fact a special detective, Mr. Conroy, guards my entrance. But I've had a feeling that I've been followed lately. Several strange telephone calls have come to my house and . . . well since the war's end in Europe, I'm afraid the Dutton people have abandoned much vigilance as to my person and I fear for my life."

*Crimebuster* nodded. "I see, sir. And you wish the police to give you added protection."

"Exactly, exactly, of course I'm willing to pay for your services."

"That won't be necessary," *Crimebuster* replied. "Beginning tomorrow I shall be glad to keep an eye on your laboratory."

The next evening America's Ace Crime-cracker slipped through the gloom outside the Dutton Chemical laboratories. He had checked on the professor quite thoroughly and found his fears to be of some foundation.

The Dutton people had been concerned with his suspicions but realizing the professor had always been a highly nervous man, had not let it alarm them too much. His laboratory contained many thousands of dollars worth of radium, but also various locks and safety mechanisms which only the professor and a chief executive had the keys to. Besides Conroy was a good detective.

The street was empty with the exception of one man reading a paper from the light of the doorway. That would be Conroy the detective, *Crimebuster* reasoned. He wondered why Professor Herbert felt it necessary to have more protection. Still, a man of such brilliant chemical knowledge could be allowed some exaggerated fears perhaps.

For four nights *Crimebuster* could be seen dimly in the dark, sitting on a bench opposite the chemical building. On the fifth night a dark figure detached itself from the trees behind *Crimebuster's* shadowy figure on the bench. A large top heavy weapon was raised slowly in the darkness to a level with the youths shoulder. Then a dull thud sounded from the gun and *Crimebuster's* figure lurched forward off the bench. A moment later the big form of the detective hurried into the chemical building. He had hardly stepped inside when a grinning youth followed closely by a monkey also entered the building. Inside the detective suddenly turned and gaped wide-eyed at the stern faced youth sprinting down the corridor toward him. For a split moment he stood still, too paralyzed to move. Then he shook the mingled fear and disbelief from his eyes and desperately snatched at the silent weapon of death in his coat. Too late his hand ripped the silencer free. *Crimebuster* blasted into him and the pair careened down the hall. The detective was a large man and he managed to turn in mid air and slam his two hundred pounds of weight down on *Crimebuster* as they smashed to the floor. But the youth's body rolled with the impact like



bound steel springs. Rights and lefts rocketed up into the killer's midsection and with a gasp the detective of murder rolled over unconscious. Squeeks leaped atop detective Conroy's body and beat his chest as *Crimebuster* got to his feet.

"Stop bragging 'little guy," he said, "that dummy of myself outside could very well have been me except for a lucky hunch!"

He reached down and pulled a coil of rope from Conroy's waist smiling as he did so. Yes, things were making much sense indeed.

Twenty minutes later at headquarters professor Herbert's face was beaded with perspiration as *Crimebuster* and Chief Crandell were showed to detective Conroy's cell.

"I can't believe it," he kept repeating, "My own detective . . . wanted to murder me!"

*Crimebuster* smiled, "Yes professor, it's mighty odd. That's why we thought you might like to talk with him."

Opening the cell door with one hand *Crimebuster* suddenly flicked out his arm and shoved the professor inside with Conroy. The

professor's startled protest was cut short by the youth's piercing voice.

"Your game's a flop, professor. You and Conroy were working together. You planned to kill me, give Conroy the radium and battery mechanism and then have him tie you up. A perfect alibi and a million dollars in your hands."

"How the devil did you know this?" Chief Crandell broke out suddenly.

"Conroy had been carrying a rope around for days. The rear window had been jimmied to make it look like a burglary. Professor Herbert could have easily insisted with the Dutton people that he have more protection. It was quite obvious he just mentioned it to make his seeing us more plausible. With the police department protecting the laboratories he realized little suspicion would fall on Conroy and himself."

*Crimebuster* reached down and patted Squeeks on the head. "Besides," he added smiling, "Squeeks and I can tell a grade A liar when we see one."

FROM NOW ON THIS WHOLE PAGE WILL BE DEVOTED TO YOU

## WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Dear Readers

This is your page. Beginning with the next issue of *DAREDEVIL*, this page will be devoted entirely to your opinions, ideas and suggestions.

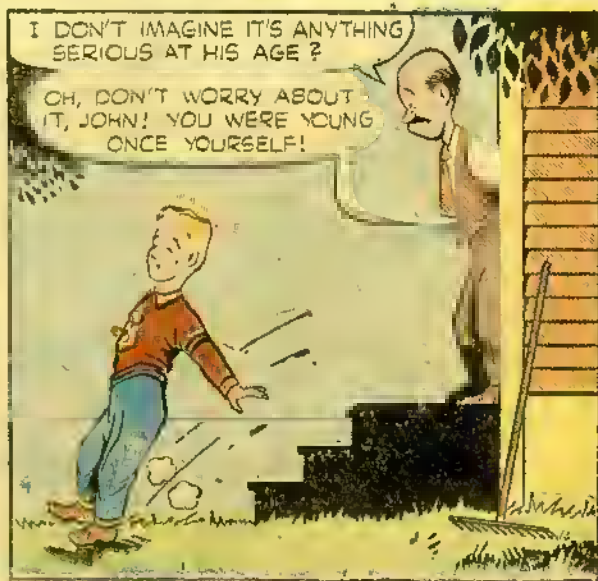
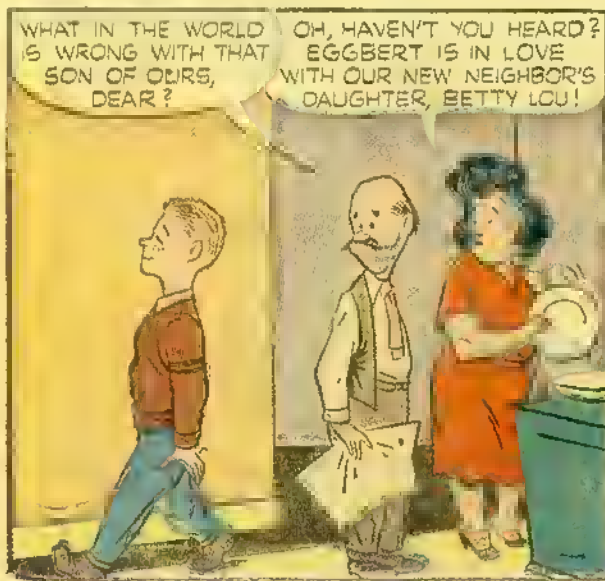
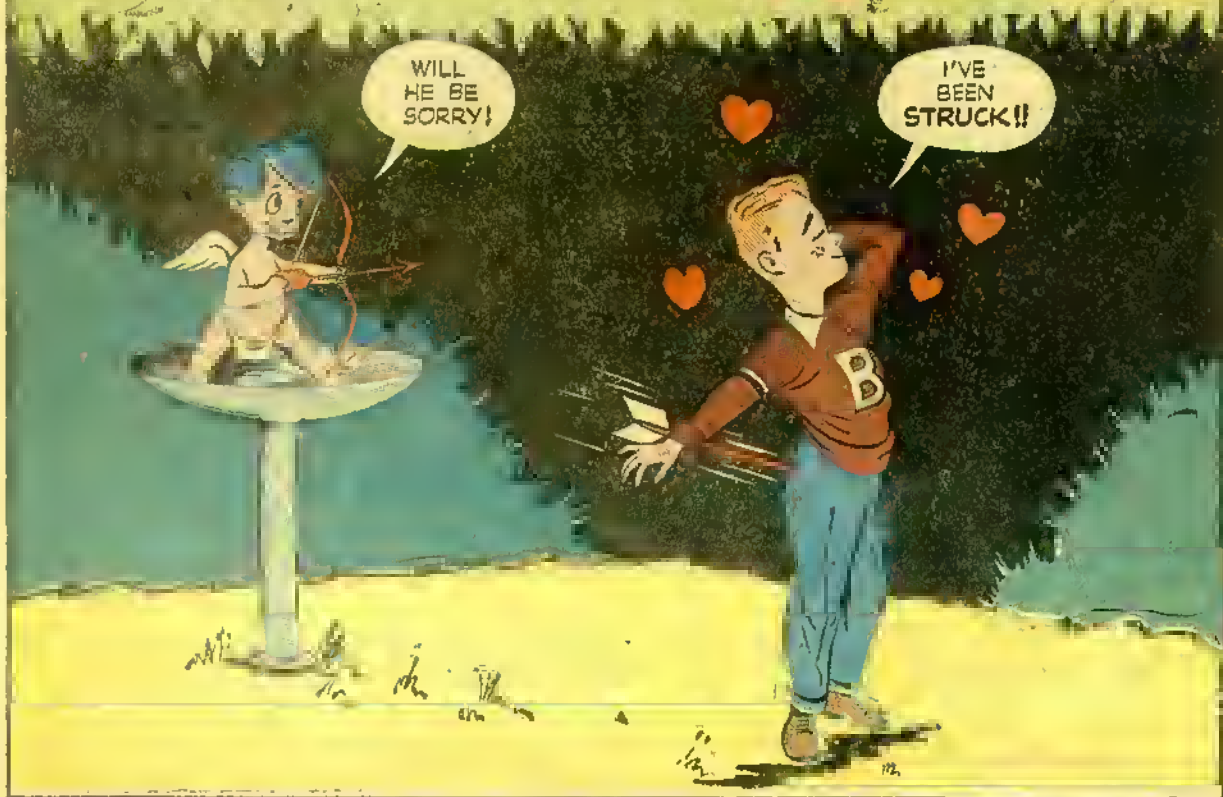
The writer of each letter reprinted here will receive \$2.00. Letters must be limited to 50 words or less.

Here's your chance to make yourself heard. Your letters may be read by millions. Let's have those letters!

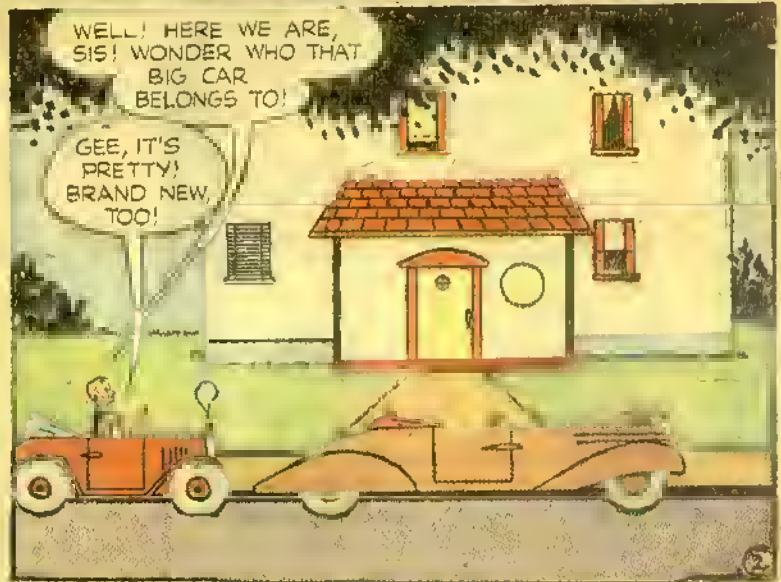
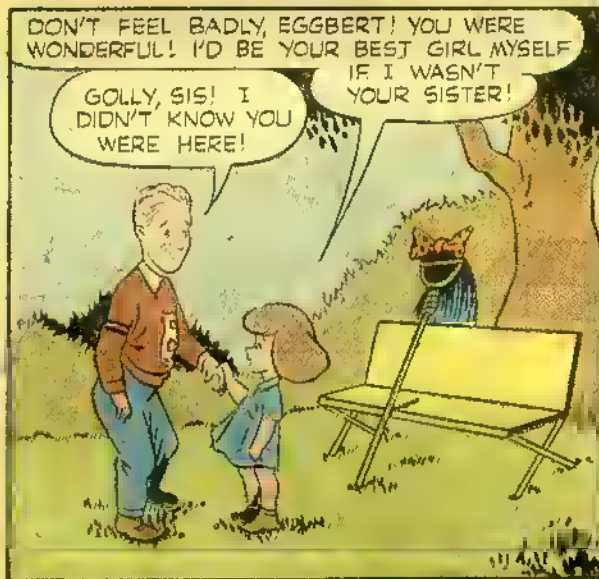
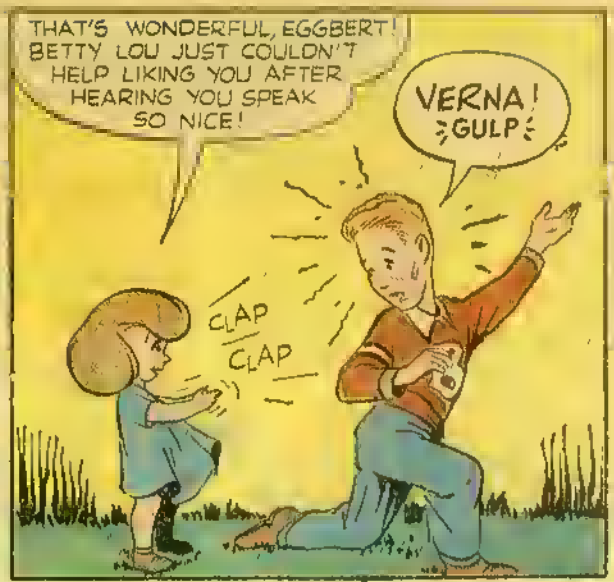
## WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

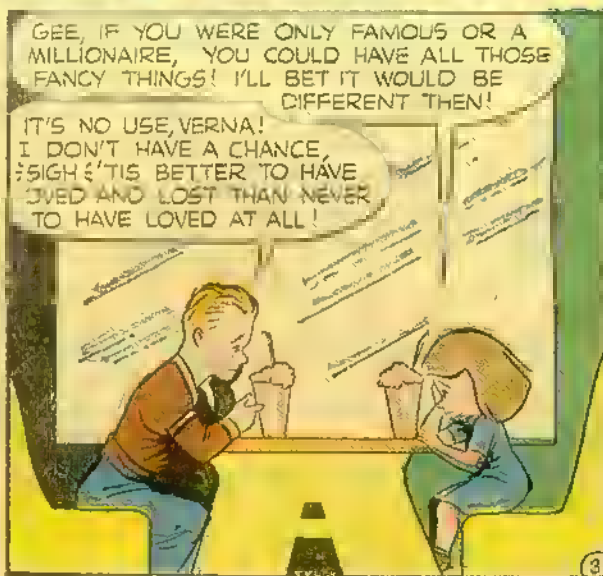
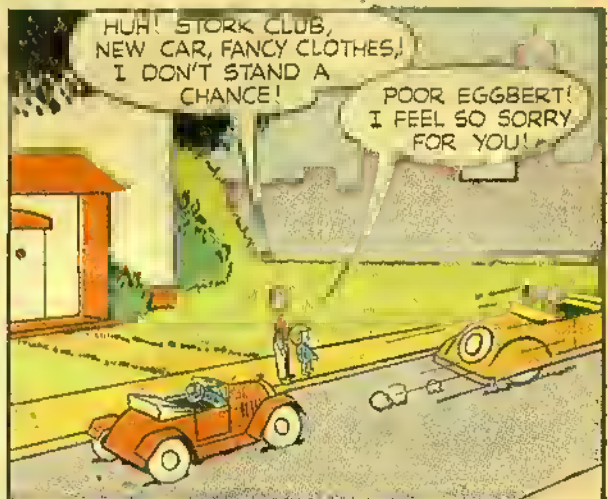
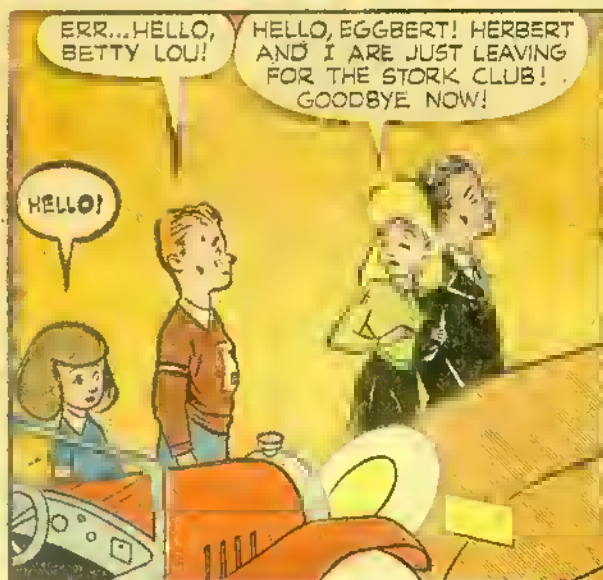
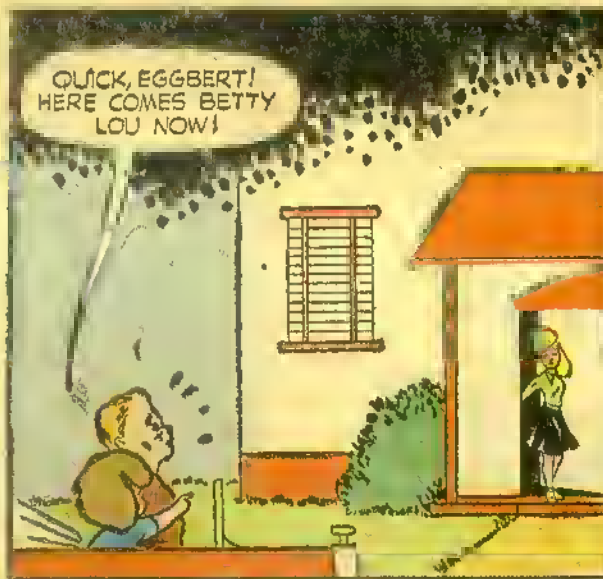
Address letters to "What's On Your Mind," *DAREDEVIL*, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

# EGGBERT *in* "BLOOMING LOVE"











I WOULDN'T WANT TO MEET UP WITH HIM!

GEE! HE'S BIG ISN'T HE?

LOOK AT HIS MUSCLES!

LIFT ME ON YOUR SHOULDER, EGGBERT! I CAN'T SEE!

GRACIOUS! EVEN HIS PICTURE FRIGHTENS ME!

GULP! HE IS FIERCE LOOKING, ISN'T HE? BUT THINK OF ALL THE MONEY \$\$\$\$ - ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU COULD BUY WITH IT!

RESTLING

AUG. 6, 7, 8

\$1000.00  
WHO CAN LAST FIVE MINUTES

VERNA! I'VE GOT IT! I'M GOING IN THE RING WITH "THE CRUSHER" TONIGHT!

BUT EGGBERT! HE'S SO MUCH BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU! HE'LL KILL YOU!

IT'S NO USE! MY MIND IS MADE UP! I'LL SHOW BETTY LOU! JUST WAIT AND SEE! THEN I CAN TAKE HER OUT AND PUT ON THE RITZ JUST LIKE HER RICH MR. GLAMOR BOY!

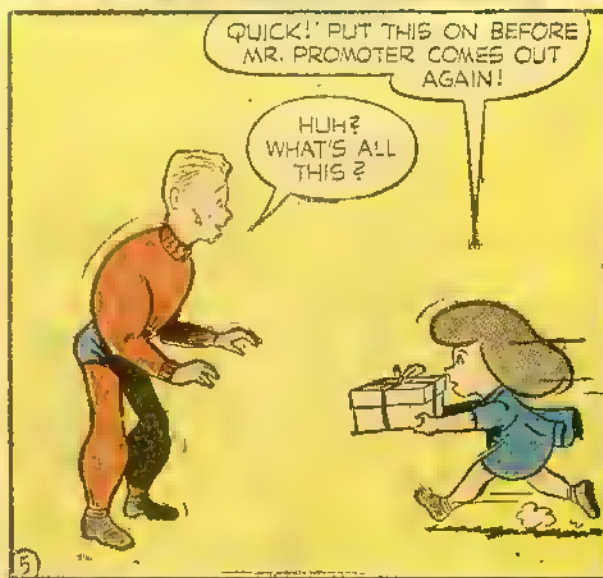
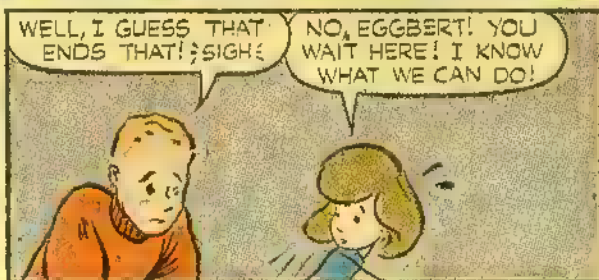
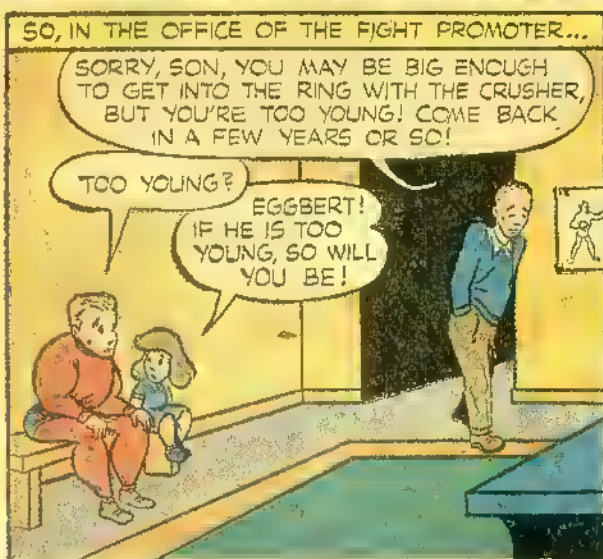
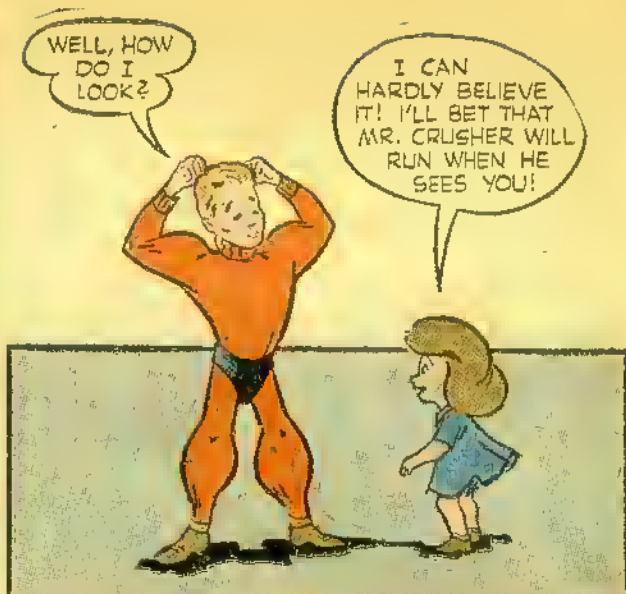
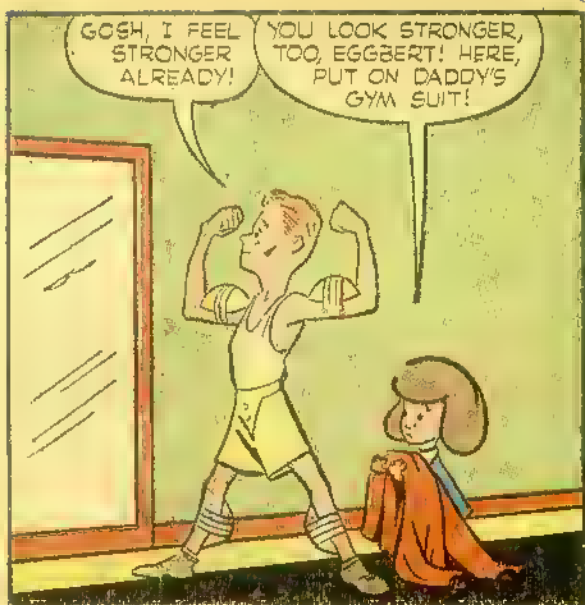
I GUESS I'M NOT AS BIG AS I THOUGHT! GEE, IF I COULD ONLY GET SOME BIG MUSCLES IN A HURRY! BIG MUSCLES? I WONDER-EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE, EGGBERT!

LOOK! MY PLAYBALLS! YOU COULD CUT THEM IN HALF AND STRAP THEM ON YOU! THEN PUT ON DADDY'S OLD GYM SUIT AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

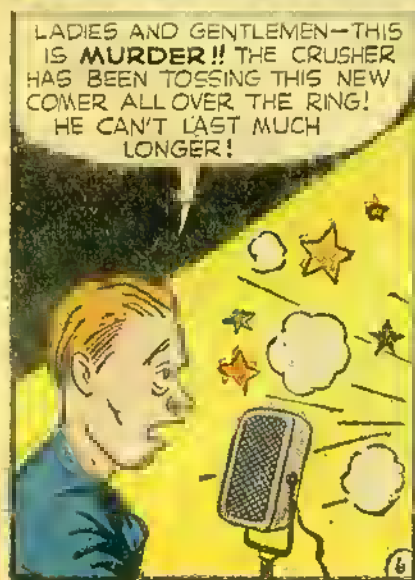
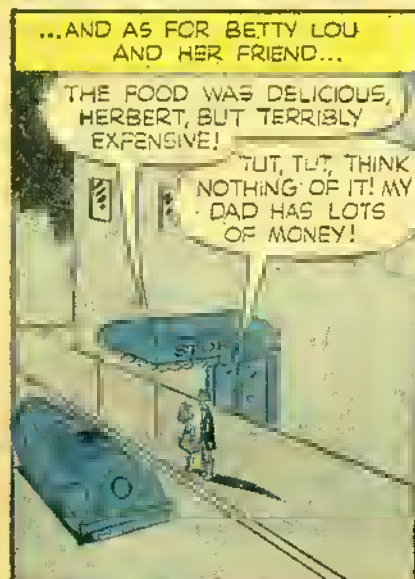
BETTY LOU WILL BE PROUD OF THESE MUSCLES!

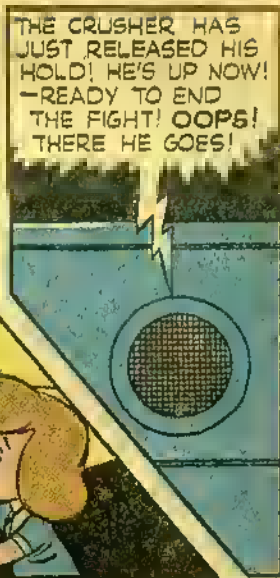
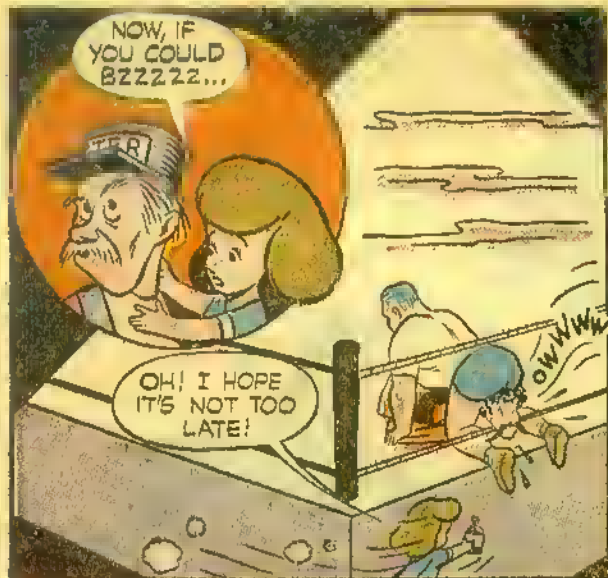
VERNA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU!

HOLD STILL TILL I TIE THIS ONE ON, AND WE'LL BE FINISHED!







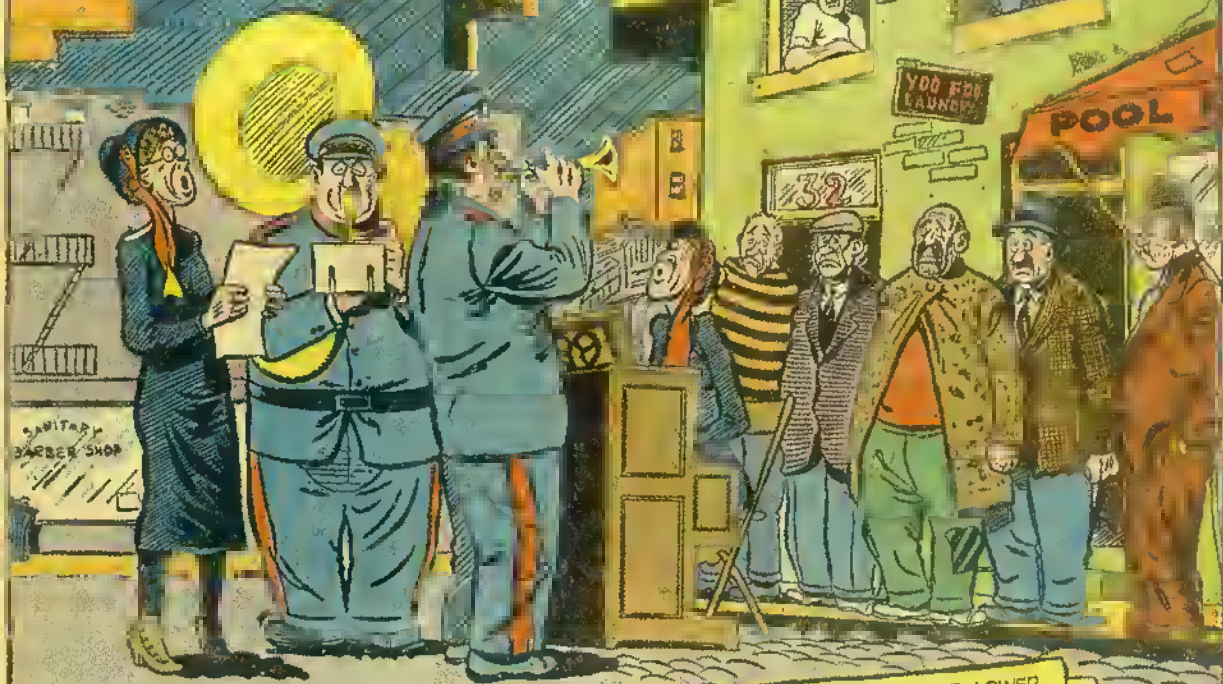




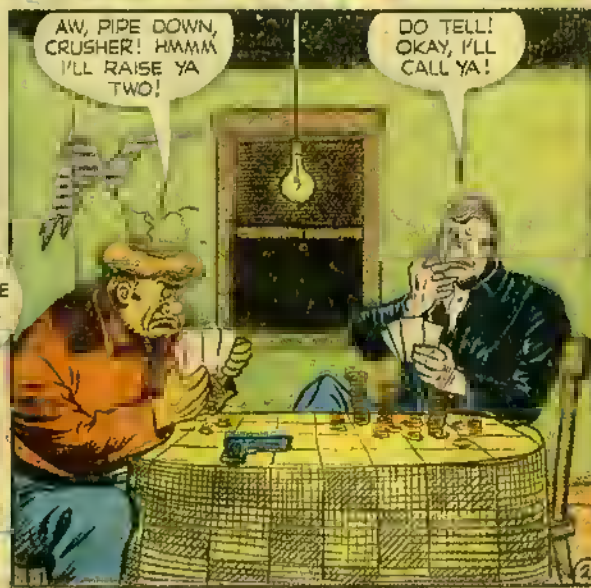
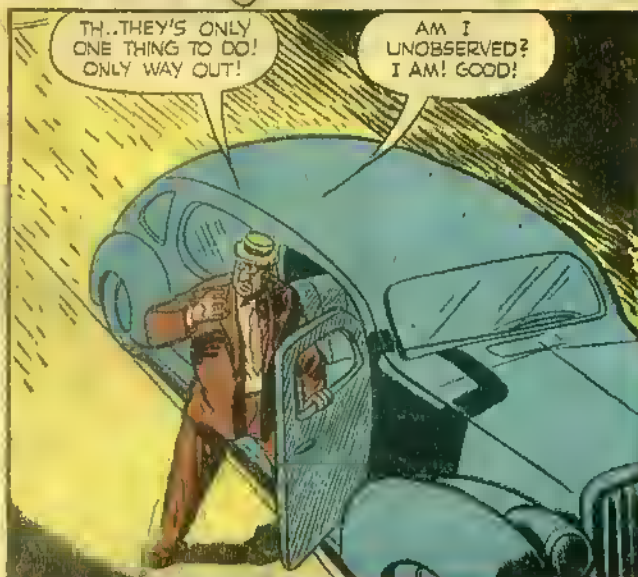
# SNIFFER

CARL  
HUBBELL

WHEN THE ROOLL  
IS CALLED UP  
YOONDER



IT IS A LATE DRIZZLY NIGHT IN THE DRAB LOWER REACHES OF NEW YORK'S BOWERY. A RAW WIND REACHES THROUGH THE LONELY STREETS AND A WHISTLES THROUGH THE LONELY STREETS AND A MANTLE OF DAMP FOG CREEPS IN FROM THE RIVER, WHILE A LITTLE GROUP OF DERELICTS HUDDLES ON A CORNER, LISTENING TO THE COMFORTING STRAINS OF AN OLD HYMN.











AH, DER'E'S  
DA OLD  
CHARIOT!



HEY, BUD, WOT ARE  
YOU DOIN' IN D...  
GOOD GOSH!



JEEZ! SURE  
AS I'M STANDIN'  
HERE, DIS MUG IS  
A DEAD DUCK!

AH, THERE,  
CRUSHER,  
TOP O' TH'  
EVENIN' TO  
YEZ!



SWEENEY!  
GULP!!

SURE, AN' WHY DO  
YEZ STAND THERE IN  
THE RAIN? ARE YEZ  
DAFT NOW?



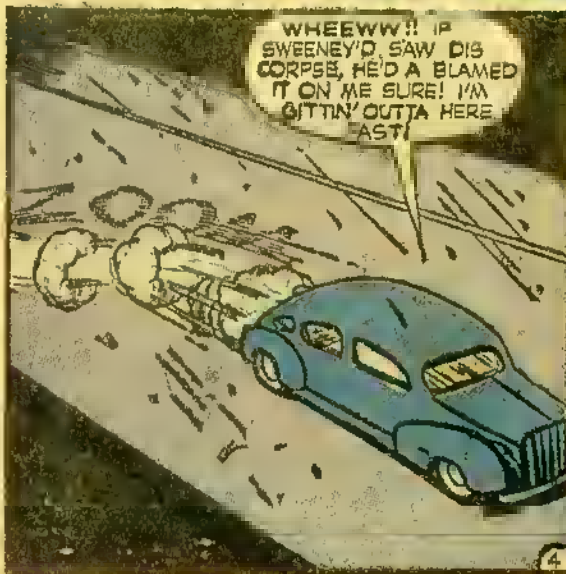
WHO...M...ME? WHY,  
ER...HA, HA! I WUZ  
JEST ON ME  
WAY HOME!

AND A GOOD IDEA!  
IT IS, TOO! YE  
LOOK A BIT  
PALE!



WELL, I CAN'T STAND S...S...SURE!  
HERE ALL NIGHT  
CHINNIN' WITH TH'  
LOOKS O' YOU! KE  
OUT O' TROUBLE!  
NOW, ME BUCKO!

S...SO LONG,  
S...SWEENEY!



WHEEW!! IF  
SWEENEY'D SAW DIS  
CORPSE, HE'D A BLAMED  
IT ON ME SURE! I'M  
BITTIN' OUTTA HERE  
FAST!



AN' I DON'T HAFTA  
BE A EXPERT TO  
FIGGER OUT WHO DONE  
IT, NEITHER! DAT  
DOITY RAT, SNIFFER!  
PROB'LY THINKS HE'S  
VERY CUTE, DUMPIN'  
DIS STIFF IN  
MY CAR!



WE'LL SEE IF HE  
LAUGHS AS HARD  
WHEN HE FINDS DIS  
MUG ON HIS OWN  
DOORSTEP!

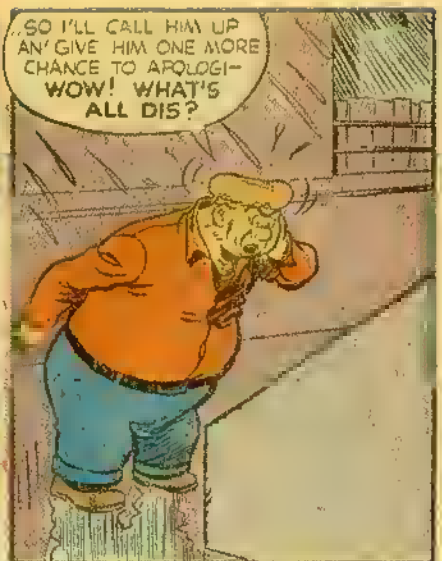




A SOTTAIN FLATHEAD IS  
GONNA HAVE A REAL TOUGH  
TIME EXPLAININ' WHAT DAT  
DEAD GUY IS DOIN' ON  
HIS STEPS! HA, HA,  
HA, HA, HA, HA!



MEBBE I WAS A LITTLE  
TOO BROOSK WID DA  
CRUSHER! BUT IMAGINE  
HIM CHEATIN' ON ME!  
OF ALL PEOPLE!  
TSK, TSK!



SO I'LL CALL HIM UP  
AN' GIVE HIM ONE MORE  
CHANCE TO APOLOGI-  
WOW! WHAT'S  
ALL DIS?



WELL, I BETTER  
OOMFF! GIT  
'IM INSIDE  
BEFORE SOME  
COP COMES  
LONG!



WOT A PREDICAMENT  
I GOTTA GIT RID OF  
DIS GUY FAST OR—  
SNIFF, SNIFF, IT'S  
MULROONEY!



OMIGOSH!  
WHAT'LL I DO  
WID 'IM? AH,  
I GOT IT!

HEY!  
OPEN UP IN  
THERE!



HMP! YOU SURE  
TOOK YOUR TIME  
ANSWERIN' THE  
DOOR, SNIFFER!

OH, IT'S YOU,  
MULROONEY!  
WOTS ON YER  
MIND?

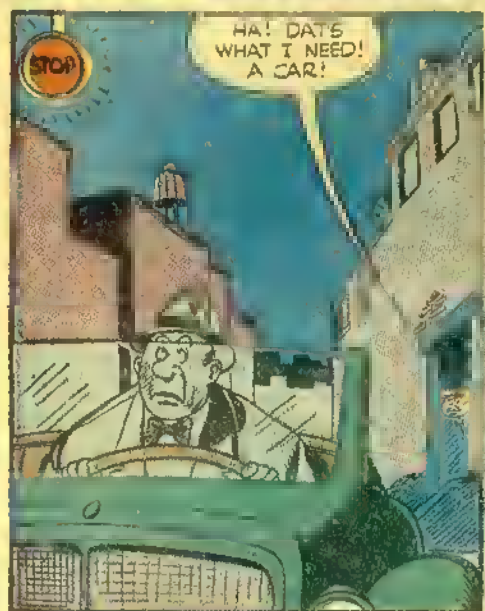


MY WATCH  
STOPPED! LEAVE  
ME TAKE A SQUINT  
AT YOUR CLOCK!  
AY, YES! ONE A.M.

Y-YEAH, IT'S  
GETTING LATE,  
SO BEAT IT,  
MULROONEY! I  
WANT TA HIT  
DA HAY!

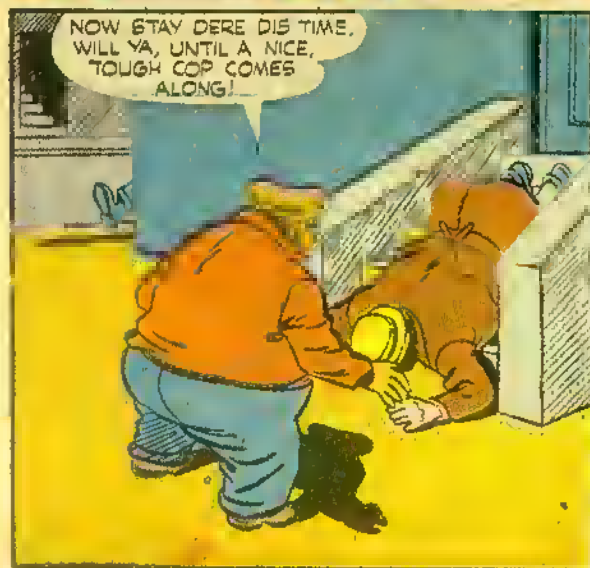


HMM.,YER  
CHIMES SEEMS  
TO BE SCREWY,  
SNIFFER!













WELL...L...L, YOU TWO  
BETTER WATCH YOUR-  
SELVES OR I'LL —  
**HEY!!** WHO'S  
THAT LAYIN' ON  
THE STEPS?

GULP!  
WH..WHAT  
STEPS?



MOVE ASIDE, YOU MUG,  
OR I'LL PAT YEZ ON TH' HEAD  
WITH ME NOIGHT STICK! I'M  
INVESTIGATIN' THIS!

IF HE SEES DAT STIFF,  
WE'RE COOKED! MEBBE I  
CAN DISTRACT 'IM!

AW, YER NUTS,  
CLANCY! THEY  
AIN'T NUTTIN'  
THERE, I TELL  
YA!



**CRASH**



**WHO DONE THAT?  
YER HANDS UP!**  
ER..YOU SEE  
ANYBODY, SNIFFER?

MEBBE  
IT'S  
MICE!

?



SOMETHIN'  
FUNNY'S GOIN'  
ON AROUND HERE  
AN' I'M FINDIN' OUT  
WHAT! YOU TWO  
STAY WHERE  
YOU ARE!

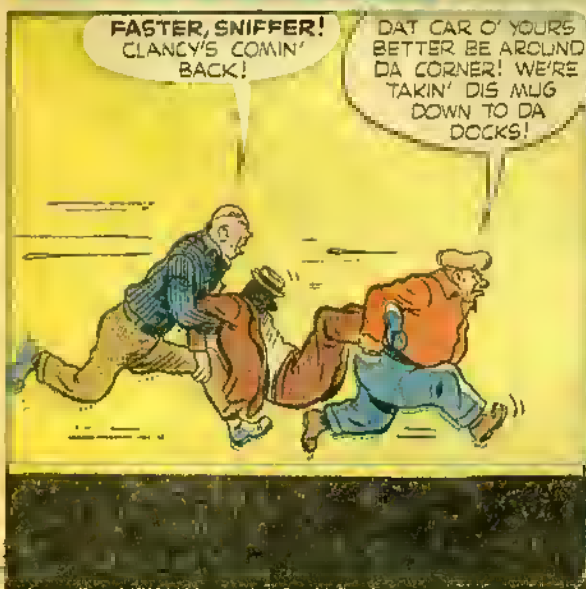
SURE, CLANCY,  
WE'LL WAIT!

HURRY  
BACK!



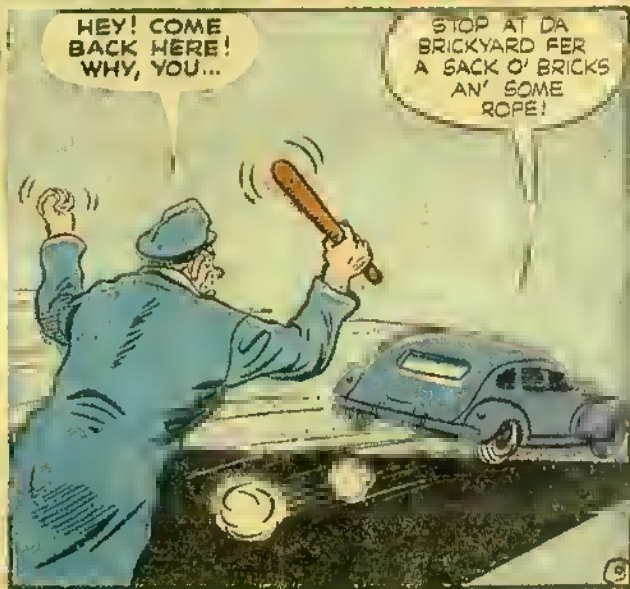
DAT WAS  
QUICK THINKIN'  
SNIFFER! I  
SEEN YA FLING  
DAT BRICK!

**I AIN'T  
TALKIN' TO  
YOU, STOOPID!**  
C'MON, HELP  
ME MOVE  
DIS STIFF!



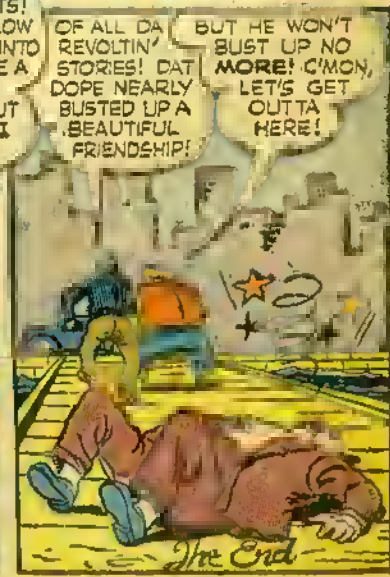
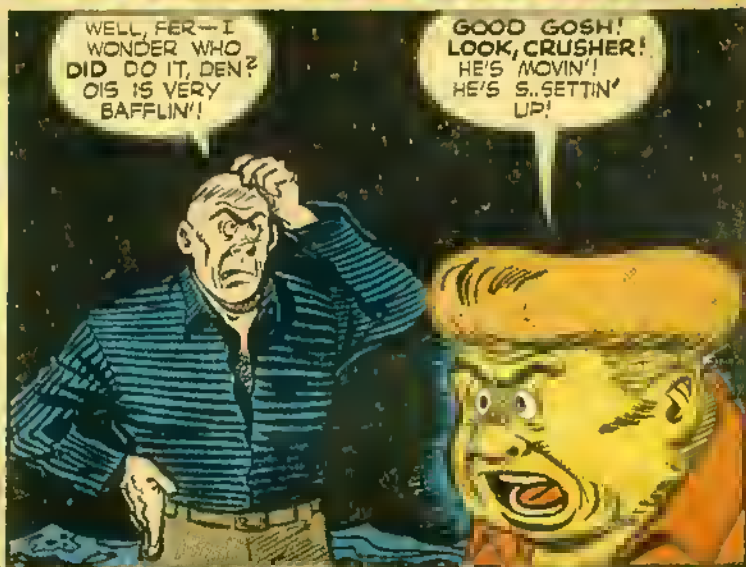
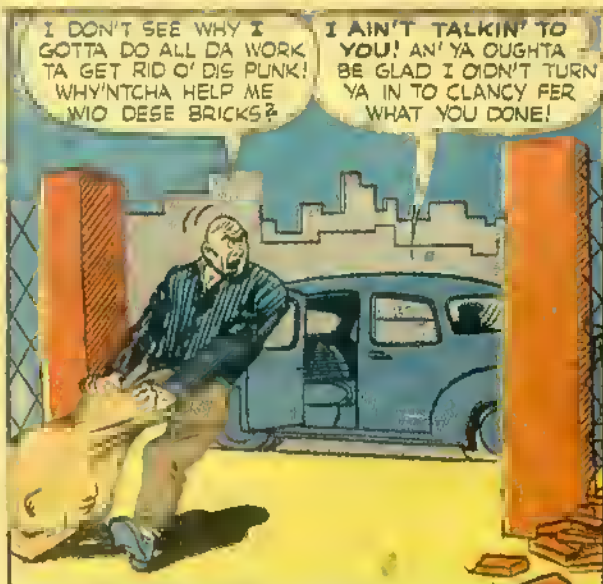
**FASTER, SNIFFER!**  
CLANCY'S COMIN'  
BACK!

DAT CAR O' YOURS  
BETTER BE AROUND  
DA CORNER! WE'RE  
TAKIN' DIS MUG  
DOWN TO DA  
DOCKS!



**HEY! COME  
BACK HERE!**  
WHY, YOU...

STOP AT DA  
BRICKYARD FER  
A SACK O' BRICKS  
AN' SOME  
ROPE!







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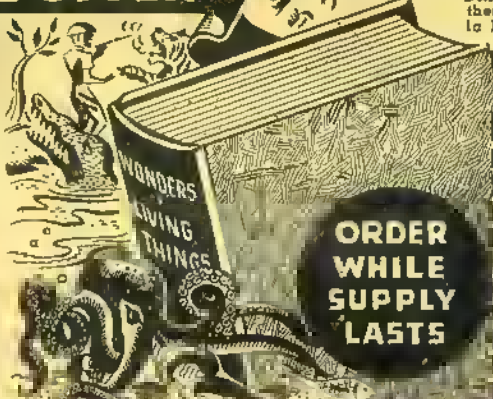
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